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FIVE CENTS

BRAVE AND BOLD

WEEKLY

IN THE COLONIAL NAVY

OR The Adventures Of Dashing Paul Jones



By
**FRANK
SHERIDAN**

"We must save those people!" cried Paul Jones. The sailors bent to their oars and the boat cut through the waves gallantly.

PAVING AND BOLD



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WEEKLY

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IN THE COLONIAL NAVY;

OR,

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By FRANK SHERIDAN.

CHAPTER I.

LIEUTENANT PAUL JONES.

"Pluck! Aye! sir, I tell you it needs pluck nowadays."

"But you know the old saying we sailors have, that pluck means luck?"

"Aye, aye, sir; something told me you was a sailor. Pardon my boldness, but, when I claps my eyes on a smart-built, trim craft like you, I says: 'That man is a sailor. He could never learn that trimness anywhere else.'"

"You are right. And you are a quartermaster, you say?"

"Aye, sir; on board a trim little craft; the *Alfred*, flagship of the new navy."

"And you think pluck is needed on board the *Alfred*?"

"Pluck! Lor' love you, sir, but that 'ere little craft has got to tackle all the best boats of England, and it ain't strength which will pull us through, but pluck, sir."

"You are right, quartermaster, and I only hope I may tread the same deck as you."

"You, sir? Axin' your pardon, you don't mean to go and say you're naval?"

"I hope to be. I'm going now to the Committee of Public Safety to learn the result of my application to Congress."

The speaker turned away from the dock at Philadelphia and walked toward the hall where Congress was sitting.

It was in December, 1775, that the scene was enacted on the dock, and the quartermaster, to the very last moment of his life—and he lived to see the United States firmly established, free and independent—would tell of his conversation with the young applicant, and could repeat every word uttered—perhaps even many that were not spoken at all.

As the young applicant walked away, the quartermaster caught hold of a boy, who was a powder monkey on board the *Alfred*, and forced him to his knees.

"You're religious, you pray every night. I wish I did. My poor mother taught me, but somehow I grew careless and forgot. Never give up praying, my boy. And now just make your best prayer that yonder trim lad may sail on the *Alfred*."

As though to emphasize every word uttered, the quartermaster shook the powder monkey, and kept him on his knees, all in the snow, and slush, and filth of that dirty dock on the river Delaware at Philadelphia.

The young applicant entered the room where sat the naval subcommittee of Congress, and standing erect, with fine, flashing eyes, proving the existence of a soul which would never quail, he said briefly:

"I am here."

"This is your application?" said one of the members, holding up a piece of paper.

"I presume so. I am Paul Jones."

There was not a tremor as that name was pronounced, but a few years later men's faces flushed with pride as they heard the name.

Far away, thousands of miles across the ocean, old seamen turned pale, and statesmen trembled when they heard the news:

"Paul Jones is afloat again!"

But that was in the future, and the members of the naval committee of Congress knew nothing of Paul Jones.

"Who will vouch for you?" asked a member.

"No one; I will tell you my life's history, and you can decide whether I can, in your opinion, be of service to the colonies."

There was something in his manner which commanded respect, and the committee bade him proceed.

"I am twenty-eight years old, yet I have seen the world. My father was a gardener, living in Scotland. I was the youngest boy, but there were several girls younger than I. My father wanted me to be a gardener, but I loved the sea, and when I was twelve I was apprenticed to a merchant in Whitehaven, and sent on one of his vessels, bound for Virginia.

"I had a brother, fifteen years my senior, who was a planter near Norfolk——"

"Virginia?"

"Yes, and I stayed with him while in port. The sailing of my vessel was delayed, and I studied navigation from some books my brother possessed.

"Four voyages did I make from Scotland to Virginia, and the oftener I saw the colony the less I liked my native land.

"I was at my brother's house when news came that my vessel had been seized for debt, and I was offered the cancellation of my indentures, or my services could be sold to some other merchant.

"I had my indentures canceled, and studied at my brother's house for a few months.

"I could not settle on land, so I embarked as third mate on a slaver.

"When I was nineteen I transferred myself to another slaver trading between Africa and Jamaica.

"Gentlemen, I was born free. I hated to be a slave, and could not enslave others; my soul rebelled against it, and I quit the service and embarked as a passenger for Scotland.

"The captain and mate of the brigantine died on the voyage, and I assumed command.

"On my taking the brigantine safely into port the owners made me captain and supercargo on one of their vessels trading to the West Indies.

"So, gentlemen, I was captain before I was twenty-one years old.

"In a year I owned a vessel of my own, and I made a fortune large enough to enable me to offer my services to the cause of freedom without expecting any payment or remuneration.

"In 1773 my brother died, and I succeeded to his estate.

"Give me a commission in the new navy. Let me have the proud honor of being the first to raise the new flag."

"The new flag?"

"Yes; I heard that the honorable Congress was about to adopt a new flag."

"Heard you so? And why do you think there ought to be a new flag?"

"The present one is too much like the English."

"Go on; you were saying——"

"That I shall be the happiest man in the colonies if you grant me my commission."

That was on the sixteenth day of December.

The snow was falling fast, the streets were filthy, but Paul Jones walked away from the Hall of Congress without noticing snow, or slush, or filth.

So elated was he at the thought of having told his life story, and with the hope that he would receive a commission, that he even forgot to put on his hat, but walked bareheaded.

A week later he stood again on the dock, looking at the *Alfred*, but this time wore a handsome new uniform, that of lieutenant of the navy, which he had paid for himself, as he had for many things piled up on the dock for use on the *Alfred*.

A boat was lowered, and in a few minutes the quartermaster saluted Lieutenant Paul Jones.

"Axin' your pardon, sir, but I made bold to say that pluck

was needed. Now, sir, we have the luck as well, for with you on board, all will go well."

CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD THE "ALFRED."

One day, before Paul Jones had received his commission as lieutenant in the colonial navy, Essex Hopkins, a brigadier general in the Continental army, had been commissioned as commodore and commander in chief of the navy.

Hopkins was a first-class sailor and good soldier, but had many New England prejudices, which told against his popularity.

When Paul Jones stepped on board the *Alfred* he found everything in confusion.

The captain, a good sailor, but too fond of the land, had not been aboard, and so everything was neglected.

Jones quickly saw all this, and at once took command, making every one do his duty, and getting the ship into decent order.

"I told you," said the quartermaster to one of the men, "I told you the new officer was a seaman. Lor' love you, I knew just how things ought to be, but I couldn't tell how to get 'em there."

Jones called all the men together on deck and addressed them.

"We are something more than seamen," he commenced; "we have to uphold a new nation. Before we sail, I hope to raise the flag of the United Colonies, and when once raised every man must swear that he will die rather than allow the flag to be dishonored. We can die, we shall all die; it is a matter of only a few years at most. Let us die fighting for our flag or live upholding it with honor. I shall, when in command, be stern and strict, but not one of you will be asked to do a thing unless it is right, and every danger I shall share."

The men felt all the better for the short speech, and resumed their work with renewed spirit.

From the other vessels there were constant desertions, but while Paul Jones was in command not a man left his post.

Jimmy, the powder monkey, whom we have met before, seemed so awestruck with the grandeur of the personality of the young lieutenant that he never closed his mouth while Paul Jones was on deck.

It was night, and as dark as a January night can be.

The officer of the watch had seen that everything was all right, and the *Alfred* seemed as peaceable a ship as any in the harbor.

On one side of the deck, in the shadow, crawled a man.

His desire to escape all observation was easy to see.

But a few yards behind him, following closely and cautiously, was another figure.

The first one reached a dark part of the deck, and slipped over the taffrail, lowering himself into the water by means of a rope which was secured to the taffrail.

The second figure did not wait to descend in the same manner, but, as soon as he saw the man touch the water, leaped in after him.

The splash roused the watch.

"Man overboard!"

Instantly every one was on the alert, every eye was fixed on the water.

Lanterns were lowered, and threw their sickly yellow light on the scene.

How different to the searchlights of modern days!

The candles in the horn lanterns sputtered and hissed, and gave but a poor light a yard away from the ship's side.

"Where away?" called the lookout.

Suddenly, in the light of another vessel, could be seen two swimmers; then all sight of them was lost.

A boat had been lowered, but it never overtook the daring swimmers.

"Order all men on deck," commanded Lieutenant Paul Jones.

"All hands to muster!" sounded through the ship.

The boatswain's call was quickly responded to, and, thanks to the efficient drill of the preceding few days, the seamen and marines were on deck in a few minutes.

"Call the roll."

Every name was called, and every man was there to respond.

Only one in the whole crew was missing, and that one was Jimmy, the powder monkey.

"But there were two."

"Only one is missing."

"Could it be that some one has been on board, trying to tempt my men away?" asked Jones.

Every man pleaded ignorance, and so Jimmy was rated as a deserter, and the quartermaster expressed his sentiments very strongly:

"If I lay my hands on him I'll make his back know the taste of a rope-end, which he won't forget as long as he's a powder monkey."

"You will never see him again," said Chris, "'cause why? He's gone to join the mermaids at the bottom of the sea."

An hour passed, and the lookout's quick ears distinguished the regular splash, splash of oars.

He was able to discern a boat coming straight to the *Alfred*.

"Ahoy!"

"Ahoy!"

"The *Alfred*?"

"The *Alfred*!" repeated the officer.

"Is Captain Paul Jones on board?"

"The Lieutenant Paul Jones is on board."

"Lower a ladder. I must speak with him."

After a further parley there appeared on deck a constable of the city of Philadelphia, Jimmy, the powder monkey, and a strange man.

The two latter were wet to the skin, and shivered with cold as the biting January wind blew over their wet clothes.

"Tell your story, my boy," said the constable, addressing Jimmy.

"Well, sir, cap'n an' all, I was a-lyin' on deck lookin' at the stars an' thinkin' that one of 'em was shinin' over the house where my mother taught me all I know, when I heard some one crawl along."

"That ain't right," thought I, "'cause if his bizness was honest he'd walk an' not crawl."

"So I crawls, too, an' I lost sight on him, the deck was so dark, but after a bit I saw him come out o' Cap'n Jones' cabin, an' he was hidin' something in his clothes."

"I saw his face, an' I reckoned I'd never seen it afore, so I followed him."

"When he slid down a rope into the water I knew it wasn't right, so I jumped in as well, an' caught him just as he was about to pull himself into a boat."

"He kicked me an' said as how he'd drown me, but I'd got teeth as well as hands, an' I stuck my teeth into his neck, an' swam ashore with him, when I met this watchman, an' he took us both pris'ners. I told him my tale, an' he said as how it would be as well for us all to come aboard, an' here we are. Search the man, 'cause I reckon he has somethin' he ought not to have."

"Give Jimmy a good, stiff glass of grog," Jones ordered, "while this fellow is being searched."

Jimmy felt warmer for his grog, and when the man was searched it was found that he had secreted a quantity of jewelry belonging to Paul Jones, jewelry which he valued more than all the wealth he possessed.

The thief was placed in irons, and left until morning in his wet clothes, no one caring whether he lived or died.

Jimmy was the hero of the hour, and became the special favorite of his new friend, Lieutenant Paul Jones.

Jimmy had acted without thought of reward, but he was not averse to securing such a powerful patron as the owner of the jewelry proved to be.

CHAPTER III.

RAISING THE FLAG.

Near the middle of February men were busy cutting the ice in the river to allow the American navy to leave for its first cruise.

Everything was in readiness for the departure.

The admiral, Essex Hopkins, had signified his intention of starting as soon as the passage was made through the ice. He had met Paul Jones once on land, but had not been on board the flagship *Alfred*.

At last everything was ready for the admiral.

A boat was seen putting off from land, and the order was given on board the *Alfred*:

"All hands on deck!"

The captain had arrived an hour before, and was so pleased with the arrangements made by Paul Jones that he spent the whole of the remaining time dressing to meet the admiral.

"Quartermaster, have you the flag ready?" asked Jones.

"Aye, sir."

"And the admiral's pennant?"

"Aye, sir."

"Secure both to the halyards, but do not raise the flag until I give the word."

"I understand, sir. Lor' ha' mussy on me, but if you were our cap'n we'd lock yardarms with the British afore we'd be much older."

"We shall do so."

"I hope it. Why, sir, I'm British born myself, but the way that old king has treated this 'ere country is 'nuff to make his mother turn agen him. But the boat's getting near."

"All hands aft!" was the order given, and every man obeyed.

There were three hundred seamen and one hundred marines.

The captain saluted the admiral, and as his foot touched the quarter-deck, Paul Jones took hold of the halyards and up went the flag and the admiral's pennant.

A wild cheer broke from the crew.

It was a breach of discipline, but excusable, for the flag was the one adopted by Congress less than twenty hours before.

The flag bore as emblem a large pine tree in the centre, with a rattlesnake, out of all proportions to the size of the tree, beneath it, with the defiant motto:

"Don't tread on me."

Franklin had partly designed the flag, but the idea had been adopted by the New England States previously, with a slight difference.

The rattlesnake of New England had been divided into thirteen pieces, each piece bearing the initials of one of the colonies, and under the pieces was the motto:

"Unite or die!"

Franklin thought the rattlesnake appropriate, because it is unknown in any other country, and is said never to attack any one save in self-defense.

Admiral Hopkins looked up at the flag, and then at the young officer.

"Lieutenant Jones, you have had the proud honor to raise the first flag of the United Colonies."

"Aye, sir; and hand of mine shall never lower it."

"But if defeated?"

"Defeated, sir? I know not the meaning of the word Death I can understand, but defeat, no."

"Bravo, lieutenant! If all the crew are like you we shall have a glorious cruise."

The raising of the flag was cheering to the hearts of the sailors, for it was attended by nature's approval.

The snow had been coming down furiously; the wind had howled through the rigging, whistling and groaning by turns; the water, where the ice had been broken, was turbid and disturbed, and the admiral had fully expected to spend another night in the river.

The flag ran up to the top of the mast, and instantly the sun shone out, the wind abated, the clouds were lifted, and as every man on deck, from admiral to powder monkey, lifted his cap to salute the flag, and as the drummers beat a double roll as salutation, a bird flew from the land and alighted on the deck, whistling a joyous strain.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Paul Jones reverently; "we shall succeed. We have done right."

CHAPTER IV.

PAUL JONES AS PILOT.

The *Alfred* led the little squadron, consisting of the *Cabot*, the *Columbus*, the *Andrew Doria*, and the *Providence*, on the morning of the seventeenth of February, 1776, out of the waters of the Delaware and into the raging billows of the broad Atlantic.

The cruise was to be to the West Indies, making first for the Island of New Providence.

"Lieutenant, you said you'd tip us a stave," exclaimed the quartermaster, with that familiarity he assumed when discipline was relaxed for a time.

"And Paul Jones never broke his word," cried the lieutenant, "though I cannot fire your hearts like Chris."

There were no soldiers on the island, but a large quantity of arms and ammunition, which would be very useful to the colonies.

It was so difficult for any vessel to land, and the pilots were all exceedingly loyal to England, that it was thought perfectly safe to leave the island without a garrison.

When, on the first of March, the little fleet arrived off the island, the people rang the alarm bell and prepared to defend the town against the Americans.

"We cannot land here," said Paul Jones, "but on the other side there is a harbor where larger vessels than the *Alfred* can float."

"But how can we reach it? The pilots would rather wreck us than give us safe anchorage."

"If you will trust the *Alfred* to me, admiral, I will find the safe anchorage."

"You?"

"Yes; I have been here before, and was my own pilot."

"But if you fail?"

"Then I will resign my commission and surrender myself as your prisoner."

The commodore retired to consult with the captain.

Although the entire fleet carried only two hundred marines, Hopkins would have landed them, under cover of the fire of the vessels, if he had seen any chance of success.

"Lieutenant, the *Alfred* is in your charge. I warn you of your responsibility. Yours is the flagship, and I am commodore and admiral of the fleet."

"I thank you, sir, for the chance you have given me. I shall be very careful, not for your sake alone—pardon me, admiral—but for the sake of that flag, which nothing must injure. I would rather every man on board go to Davy Jones' locker than that yonder flag should be disgraced."

There was a fair breeze blowing, and the sails of the *Alfred* filled, as though with pride of the young commander's pluck.

Paul Jones placed his officers at different points on the deck, so that they could repeat his orders.

The quartermaster was at the wheel, and he was so thoroughly in affinity with the lieutenant that he readily understood every wave of the hand as well as every word.

Two men with the sounding leads stood, one on the starboard, the other on the port side, and every few minutes took soundings.

The clear, resonant voice of Jones was heard giving directions as he heard the men call out, in that peculiar singing cadence so much used by seamen, the depths as shown by the lead.

The admiral and captain stood watching the movement of the vessel.

"That man ought to have command of a vessel," said Hopkins.

"I suppose so; but I don't want to lose him; he takes so much responsibility off my hands," replied the captain.

An hour later the astonished inhabitants, who had been firing uselessly at the fleet, saw it enter the only harbor accessible, and that, too, without a native pilot.

CHAPTER V.

PAUL JONES TO THE RESCUE.

"Please, sir, there's murder being done!" cried Jimmy, running up to Paul Jones, who had just seen the last of the arms and ammunition sent on board the American vessels.

"Where?"

"In the grove on the north of the fort."

"What do you mean, Jimmy?"

"Lor', sir, they'll both be killed unless you hurry."

"Lead the way, and I'll see what it is all about."

Jimmy started running, and Paul Jones had to run also to keep up with him.

In the centre of a tropical grove was a small, open space, and in that space stood two men, face to face, and each armed with a sword.

It was evident they were fighting a duel without witnesses or surgeons.

The swords crossed, bright sparks flew from the steel as blade struck blade, but both were expert swordsmen and neither had been wounded.

"Gentlemen, stop!" Jones shouted.

The stranger looked at Paul Jones for a moment without speaking.

"You seek to interfere with me, do you? Do you know who I am?"

"No, I do not."

"I will tell you, pirate——"

"Take back that word!"

"I will not. You have stolen arms and ammunition belonging to——"

"A nation with whom my nation is at war," added Jones quickly.

"Your nation!—a lot of rascally fellows who want to destroy their motherland."

"Take care!" exclaimed Paul Jones, laying his hand on his sword.

"Take care of what? Don't you know that I have only to whistle and a score of my slaves would be here to lash you to death if I said the word?"

"Brave man! I fear not your threats. If I cared to threaten I could enforce my threats, and take away from you every bit of property you possess. We have only taken war material; we might have confiscated private wealth."

The native planter laughed sarcastically.

"Lieutenant Lempriere, you had better return to your ship," Paul Jones said calmly.

The young man knew well how a word from Jones might injure him for life, and so he quietly and very shamefacedly withdrew.

The native called after him, accusing him of cowardice and fear.

Paul Jones turned to the man.

"Now tell me who you are, and how you came to attack an officer in the navy of the United Colonies of America?"

"Attack him! I like that. Get you back to your ship, or I'll make you sorry you ever landed at New Providence."

"I demand an answer to my question. If Lieutenant Lempriere was in the wrong, I shall report him. If he has injured you, just recompense shall be awarded you; but if you have wronged him you must answer for it."

"Who to?"

"To me, first; then to those who are my superiors. Tell me the cause of the quarrel."

"If I refuse?"

"Then I shall take you prisoner, and you will have to answer on the flagship of the admiral of the fleet."

The man evidently had been in the wrong, for he refused to make any charge against Lempriere.

"You say your nation—I think you called it a nation—is at war with mine. Then it is lawful for me to kill you, or be killed by you. I prefer the former."

He blew a loud whistle, and almost immediately thirty or more slaves, some armed with spades and digging forks, others with great sticks of bamboo, rushed with a wild shout into the clearing.

"Kill that man!" shouted their master, pointing to Paul Jones.

A slave's duty is to obey, and the savage negroes rushed upon the young officer with murderous intentions.

Paul Jones drew his sword and laid about him with a cool courage.

The negroes fell back, afraid of the strength of his arm and the sharpness of his blade.

The native rushed forward, and with his drawn sword made a thrust at Jones.

That inspired the negroes with new courage, and they pressed forward to do their master's bidding.

With a well-directed blow the planter's sword was sent twenty paces from him.

But the negroes, seeing their owner disarmed, made more desperate attacks, and Paul Jones was well-nigh overcome.

"Am I to die at the hands of these savages?" he asked himself.

An answer was quickly given, for Jimmy was seen by the negroes running, leading a company of marines to the rescue of his friend and officer, Paul Jones.

CHAPTER VI.

JIMMY'S TACT.

Paul Jones never knew the meaning of fear.

—Benjamin Franklin.

"Make ready! Aim! Fire!" rang out the order, clear and distinct, and almost before the words had left the officer's lips a volley was poured into the crowd of half-naked negroes, and several of them fell to the ground, never to rise again.

"Don't fire!" shouted Paul Jones; "the poor wretches know no better."

When Jones reached the *Alfred* he was compelled, by the rules of the service, to explain his absence, and in doing so make a complaint against Lieutenant Lempriere, of the *Sebastian Cabot*.

Admiral Hopkins sent a boat off to the *Cabot*, with orders for Lempriere to report on board the flagship.

Lempriere obeyed willingly; he was desirous of explaining.

"Well, sir, what have you to say about this unseemly proceeding?" Hopkins said, in a voice as sonorous as his body was large, and he weighed three hundred pounds.

"Admiral, it is my pleasure, as well as my duty, to explain. I was ordered by my captain to secure fruit for the *Cabot*. I had fulfilled my mission, and had the fruit sent on board, when I heard a child crying in great distress.

"I felt it my duty, as a man and a good American, to find out what was the matter.

"I hurried to the spot from whence the cries proceeded, and saw a young girl, certainly not more than fifteen years of age, being beaten by a planter.

"I ordered him to desist, but he laughed at me and plied the rawhide round the girl's shoulders more vigorously.

"In the name of the United Colonies I stepped between him and his victim.

"She thanked me, on her knees, and told me that he was trying to force her to enter his service; that she was born free, but was very poor.

"I told her to go to her friends, and I kept the rascal at bay until she had gone.

"Then he drew his sword and told me I must fight.

"I knew it was against the rules of the service to fight a duel, but the occasion was a critical one, and I had no alternative.

"For some time we fought, but neither received a scratch.

"I was well-nigh exhausted when Lieutenant Paul Jones came upon the scene and—I am here."

Lempriere was honorably acquitted, and Jimmy was accorded great honor for his interference.

He had doubtless saved the lives of two good colonial officers, and skilled officers were scarce in those days.

Paul Jones gave Jimmy a gold piece, and told him that he should watch his career with new interest.

All was ready, and the American fleet left New Providence, having secured quite a good haul of arms and ammunition from the enemy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "PIRITICAL CRAFT'S" GOOD WORK.

Paul Jones was not pleased with the admiral.

Hopkins thought the capture of the arms and ammunition from New Providence, which loaded the *Alfred* almost to the water line, was glory enough for the first voyage, and, when orders were given to leave New Providence, Jones asked in what direction the vessels were to sail.

The captain was sick, and Jones had been called upon to act as master.

"Home," replied Hopkins.

"Aye, sir; did you understand my question?" Jones asked, in his blunt way.

"Did I not answer?"

"You said 'home.'"

"I meant what I said. We have done well, and the Continental army is in sore need of our captured arms."

Paul Jones walked away. He dare not speak again, or he might have committed some breach of naval decorum.

The little fleet sailed toward the New England coast, and Paul Jones inwardly hoped that they might run right into the midst of the British squadron.

But no warlike vessel was sighted until the calm waters of Massachusetts Bay were reached.

The *Cabot* was leading, the *Alfred* came next, then closely followed the other vessels.

Jones had everything in readiness on board the *Alfred* for a fight if an opportunity offered.

His ports were closed, so that in the dark the vessel might be taken for a merchantman.

The *Providence* gave the signal that there was a strange sail in sight.

Almost at the same time the *Cabot* called out:

"Sail, ho!"

"What is it, sir?" asked Jones, as he saw the admiral look through the glass at the stranger.

"A British man-of-war, I think."

"Then we will go out to meet her?" Jones suggested.

"No. We will find out all we can."

Meantime the *Cabot* had been trying to attract the stranger's attention.

The captain sprang upon the taffrail and, putting a speaking trumpet to his mouth, shouted:

"What ship is that?"

The officers on the other vessels listened for a reply, but none came.

The stranger was getting nearer every minute.

Hopkins, whose voice was like miniature thunder, raised the speaking trumpet to his lips and roared:

"What is the name of your ship?"

Then came back the answer across the waters:

"His majesty's ship——"

The name of the ship could not be heard, but as no ship, save a war vessel, answered in the king's name, it was known that a fight was imminent.

"Clear the deck for action, Mr. Jones!" ordered the commodore.

The *Cabot*, a most peaceable-looking brig, got close up to the stranger without the British suspecting warlike intentions.

When within range the *Cabot* poured a broadside into the Britisher, which proved to be the *Glasgow*, carrying twenty-four guns.

That was the very first knowledge the ship, which was to uphold the honor of England, had of the warlike intentions of the American brig.

The *Glasgow* was taken unawares, and could only reply by a shot from its deck guns.

She backed away, putting on a full spread of canvas, but the *Cabot* followed her up as closely as possible.

Scarcely twenty minutes had elapsed before the *Glasgow* swung round and showed fight.

There was valor on board, and the Americans cheered the Britisher for the pluck displayed.

Paul Jones was in command of the gun deck of the *Alfred*, and he manœuvred his ship into position for pouring a broadside into the *Glasgow*.

There was a skill about this which evoked even the enthusiasm of the admiral, for the *Alfred* was so heavily laden that it was exceedingly difficult to manage her.

The two ships settled down to business.

The *Cabot* was disabled, so the brunt rested on the *Alfred*. A furious cannonade ensued, the Americans giving as good as was sent.

The thunderous broadsides rang out at regular intervals, and often could be heard the sound of crashing timbers and the cry of the wounded.

In one of the broadsides the *Alfred* lost her wheel blocks and ropes.

It was near morning before the fight was over.

Paul Jones was very much annoyed that he was not allowed to try and board the *Glasgow*.

Admiral Hopkins was too cautious, and held back the daring young lieutenant.

In the distance could be seen the British ships of war, and Admiral Hopkins ordered the captain of the *Alfred* to draw off.

But the *Glasgow* was well punished.

The captain reported that he had "inflicted considerable damage to a piratical craft called the *Alfred*, bearing a strange flag with a pine tree and rattlesnake as its emblems."

Then, as though an afterthought, he added:

"Our losses were slight. Our royal yards were carried away, we had eighty-eight holes shot through our foresail, a hundred and ten through the mainsail, and fifty-two through our mizzen staysail."

To an outsider it looks as though, with so many holes, her sails could not be of very much use.

The loss of life was not given in the official report, but it must have been considerable.

The damage was sufficient to prevent the British pursuing the "piratical craft."

"What do you think about it?" asked Chris, when he got a chance to speak with the quartermaster.

"Think? Why, Chris, what can any American Christian think, but that if we'd an admiral like Mr. Paul Jones we'd have had some prize money this trip, instead of going home like whipped dogs."

"And shan't we get any prize money?" asked Jimmy.

"A powder monkey get prize money? Lor' bless you, Jimmy, if we'd capture the whole British fleet, there'd ha' been precious little prize money by the time it reached you."

"How so?"

"You see, Jimmy, the admiral is a big man, and he'd fill his pockets and his hands afore he'd call the capt'n. Then the capt'n would take all he could; then each of the officers, and, blow me tight, I'm afraid I'd have to be satisfied with just one tiny handful, and by the time it reached you there'd be a pinch, perhaps."

"But the men who do the work——"

"Are the men who get the least in this world. The more gold you have on your cap, the more gold is put into your pockets, and us poor chaps don't get much. It ain't fair, but there's precious little fair on board a man-of-war. But that's preaching, and I ain't going to preach any more, but I'll call on Chris to sing us a stave."

The song roused the drooping spirits and cheered the sailors and marines, and no more grumbling was heard during the run home.

Paul Jones, however, clearly showed that he did not have the confidence necessary in the admiral.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN PAUL JONES.

"Lieutenant, the commodore is asking for you."

Paul Jones respected the admiral as a man, and Hopkins thought there was not a better seaman than the young lieutenant.

"Mr. Jones, I am a blunt man, so I thought I would send for you."

"Have you any complaint, sir?"

"No."

"I thought, perhaps, you had, sir."

"I said I was a blunt man, and I have noticed you do not seem as well satisfied as you were a few days ago. There was something about the affair with the *Glasgow* you did not like. Now, honestly tell me what it was."

"I think, admiral, we could have taken her."

"You do, eh? Well, tell me why you think so."

"The men were all itching for a fight; they wanted prize money, and therefore would have fought well."

"And been taken prisoners or killed."

"Not necessarily, admiral. I noticed that the *Glasgow* had weakened."

"In what way?"

"She had got ready to run away."

"But the whole British fleet was in sight."

"Yes, but before we got within range of their guns the *Glasgow* would have been ours."

"You really think so?"

"I do, because her captain had made ready to spike some of the guns."

"Well, I may have made an error, but it was on the side of overprudence. I have an offer to make to you."

"I am all attention, sir."

"The *Providence* is a small sloop of war of twelve guns and seventy men, but she is a smart, trim craft. Will you accept the position as her captain?"

"As captain of the *Providence*?"

"Yes."

"I will be proud of the honor."

"Then you can have the command, and you can take with you from the *Alfred* such of the petty officers as may be most in harmony with you. Let me know when you have made your choice."

Captain Paul Jones in after times wondered whether the promotion was made honestly, or as a means of getting rid of him.

The *Providence*, with its twelve guns, found itself opposed to ten British warships, one of which, the *Cerberus*, carried thirty guns.

Calling his officers and men aft on the deck, he spoke a few words to them.

"We have one duty, and only one. It is to uphold our flag. We must fight whenever it is necessary, but we must always remember that the flag must be saved, even though most of us have to give up our lives. Will you second me in my work? If you do not, I shall be powerless!"

There was a hearty cheer given for Captain Paul Jones—a cheer which answered the captain's question better than any mere words could have done.

The captain and men understood each other, and the *Providence* went on with its work with marked success.

Several times the *Cerberus* got the *Providence* under its guns, but the sloop slipped away and saved the men and stores.

A brig loaded with ammunition and stores for Washington, a cargo of the greatest importance to colonials, was to be convoyed by the *Providence*.

The captain of the *Cerberus* heard of it.

"By St. George!" he exclaimed, "I'll have the brig and the sloop as well!"

"Aye—aye, sir! an' I'll make the noose to go round the pirate's neck," said the quartermaster of the *Cerberus*.

At that time had General Washington fallen into the hands of the English, he would have been hanged as a rebel, and, had the *Cerberus* captured Paul Jones, his trial and sentence to death as a pirate would have followed very speedily.

The sloop was unable to protect the brig against the British vessel, should they get into close quarters.

Captain Jones saw the *Cerberus* making for the brig under full sail.

He signaled to the brig to get out of the way as speedily as possible.

Then, to draw off the attention of the British war vessels, he commenced to move the *Providence* so awkwardly that it appeared as though she would not answer to the rudder or the sails.

The *Cerberus* was delighted.

The order was given to get ready for action.

The brig was almost forgotten in the excitement, and before the British captain thought it necessary to look after the rich cargo on the American brig, she was safely out of reach.

With a curse that made the British seamen tremble, he ordered the *Cerberus* to spread sail and close in on the *Providence*.

Paul Jones saw the move, and with a fleetness which proved the good sailing properties of the American sloop, she sailed into the shallow waters off the coast, where the *Cerberus* was unable to follow.

When night came the *Providence* escaped, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the brig was safe, and the *Cerberus* slightly damaged by getting too near the shallow shoal water and striking a leak.

Congress was so pleased with the way in which Paul Jones had saved the brig and its valuable cargo that a hint was conveyed to the proper department that the *Providence* might

be sent on an independent cruise, to bear the American flag into new waters.

When the news was taken to the little sloop of war, the *Providence*, that Captain Paul Jones was commissioned to make a cruise to the Bermudas, and, in the words of the commission, "bring back as good a report as possible," there was considerable cheering.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CRUISE OF THE "PROVIDENCE."

"I will, with the help of Heaven, bring back such a report as shall make you feel that I have upheld the honor of the flag," said Captain Paul Jones to Benjamin Franklin, when the latter handed him the commission.

It was on the first of September that Paul Jones had an opportunity of showing that, though he was a dashing fighter, he was also a very skillful navigator.

"Sail ho!"

All eyes were strained over the water in the direction indicated by the officer.

A large vessel was seen in the distance which looked like a West India merchantman.

The two vessels sighted each other almost at the same time, and the stranger put on sail and made toward the *Providence*.

Paul Jones saw at once that the frigate was a faster vessel than the sloop, and in those times it was unwise to tempt fate too much.

"What do you make of her, Mr. Stewart?" asked the captain of his first lieutenant.

"She is a frigate, sir."

"Yes?"

"And has at least twenty guns."

A war frigate, then?"

"Aye, sir."

"Is she chasing us?"

"Yes, sir."

"We cannot fight her, but we'll give her one round, even if we are sent to the bottom for doing it."

The order was given to get ready for action.

The decks were cleared, the men stripped to the waist and took off their shoes and stockings.

Not one of the men objected to a fight, but all saw the hopelessness of such an engagement.

The *Providence* had all her light canvas set and was flying like a white-winged bird away from her pursuer.

For nearly five hours the chase continued, and the British vessel, which was now seen to be the *Solebay*, gained so rapidly that it was within gunshot.

"Run up the ensign," shouted Captain Paul Jones, and the flag of the colonies ran up the halyards.

Almost instantly a similar flag was hoisted by the *Solebay*.

The crew of the *Providence* saw the flag and were about to cheer, when Paul Jones shouted:

"It is a lie! The frigate is British. Fire a round and let her know we can see through her hypocrisy."

The little four-pounders on the deck of the *Providence* barked forth with glee, and as the smoke cleared away the *Solebay* hauled down the colonial flag and ran up the Union Jack of England.

Jones smiled to himself as he saw that the frigate had her broadside guns fast, and relied on the bow chaser.

He walked to and fro on the quarter-deck, and quickly gave the order to have the square sails, and then the studding sails, set.

Before the captain of the *Solebay* knew what Paul Jones was doing the little sloop ran directly under the enemy's broadside and went off dead before the wind.

There was not a man on board the *Providence* but ex-

pected to be dead or a prisoner before sunset; but they had not the quick eyes of their captain, for he saw that the Britisher had not cast loose and manned her batteries in broadside.

The frigate turned round and again started in pursuit, but it was too late; the American sloop had escaped and was safe.

Never had there been greater excitement among sailors and marines than when it was known that Captain Paul Jones had outwitted the Britisher.

About three weeks passed, and the *Providence* had but little chance to show its mettle.

A British frigate, the *Milford*, was one day seen within three cannon shots' distance.

The *Milford* called, by signal, on the *Providence* to stop, and by way of gently reminding the Yankee that it was dangerous to refuse, fired a gun from her bow.

Captain Jones took no notice. He knew he was not strong enough to fight; his only safety was in flight.

He saw that the *Milford* was several knots slower than his own sloop, so he played with the Britisher.

He went to meet the frigate, and when almost within cannon range, steered off and left the *Milford* to pursue.

The English captain fired volley after volley at the American, but it was only wasting powder and shot.

For six hours the firing continued, Jones leading the *Milford* a chase in the most tantalizing fashion.

"The *Milford* is saluting," he said, to his lieutenant; "it is very discourteous not to return the salute."

He called the officer of marines.

"Captain, select one of your men to answer the salute of the British frigate, the *Milford*."

"I don't understand, Captain Jones."

"Let him be on deck with loaded musket, and whenever the enemy fires a volley, let him discharge his musket. It will save powder and shot, and we shall not be at all discourteous."

"Do you mean it, sir?"

"Certainly, I do."

The order was obeyed, and the men laughed heartily at the novel warfare.

When Jones had tantalized the British frigate for eight hours, he drew off and was soon out of sight.

A couple of weeks afterward the *Providence* fell in with four merchantmen and captured them easily.

Congress passed a resolution of thanks to Paul Jones, and promised him the command of a frigate then building in Holland for the new government of the United States.

While waiting his commission he was sent to New York to investigate the conditions of the harbor, and see what chances there were of capturing it from the British.

He had visited most of the islands in the bay of New York, and had rowed himself across to the island now known as Liberty Island, through the location thereon of Bartholdi's great statue of Liberty.

He spent several hours on the island, making plans and memoranda.

There was a small English garrison on the island at the time.

When he got ready to leave he went down to the shore, to find his boat completely destroyed.

A great hole had been driven through the bottom.

Turning to find something with which to mend it, he found himself confronted by five British soldiers, who threatened him with instant death unless he surrendered.

What was he to do?

It was three miles to the city, and that was a long swim against the tide.

Before him was death by hanging as a pirate, if he surrendered himself, while on the other side there was the water, with a good chance of drowning, if he escaped the bullets of the soldiers.

"Surrender!" cried the officer in command.

"Wait a few minutes; I am thinking, and I don't know yet what I shall do."

"Surrender, or die!"

"I don't think there is much difference; if I surrender I suppose I shall die, and, therefore, I think I will die without surrendering," Paul Jones answered, as calmly as though the subject was of the most trivial nature.

CHAPTER X.

BRAVE VAN DUZER.

Paul Jones had been confronted by greater odds before, and had not hesitated to fight.

There was one difficulty in his way which gave his enemies a very great advantage.

Three miles of water stretched between him and the Battery of New York.

The Jersey coast was nearer, but he did not think of trying for that point at first, because he had started from New York, and he believed it to be his duty to return to the same place.

The English redcoats again demanded his surrender.

"Why should I surrender?" he asked.

"Because you have no business on this island without a permit."

"Why did you not tell me before you scuttled my boat?"

"And given you a chance to escape?"

"If you look at it in that way, your mind is very philosophic."

"I don't know what you mean," said the man, "but you've got to come with us."

"Have I?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I have to do so, I suppose I must, but won't you introduce yourselves? Who are you?"

"We are British soldiers, and serve his majesty, King George."

"Oh! so the king is here. Will he see me?"

The men looked at each other and wondered whether Paul Jones was half-witted or drunken, or was assuming great innocence.

As for Jones, he was acting in that manner to save time.

If he had had his good, trusty sword, he would not have hesitated a moment, but he only wore the usual short sword of a civilian, to correspond with his dress.

He was a spy, as he appeared then, and as such would have been condemned to death with but little delay.

Were he known as Captain Paul Jones, of the *Providence*, he would be hanged as a pirate, so he stood but a poor chance of escaping. His quick wit told him this, and he therefore took time to think out the most likely way of escape.

"The king is in England," said one of the soldiers.

"In England? I thought you said he had sent you?"

"We are his soldiers."

"Then why don't you go to him?"

"You are a fool."

"Thank you. I am glad you know me so well."

"Our commander sent us."

"Your commander? Well, go and tell him to come here, and if I am to surrender, he will give me his reasons."

Jones hoped that he could induce these simple-minded soldiers to leave him and go to get fresh instructions from their chief, but they were not as simple as they appeared.

"You can go with us."

"Where to?"

"There is the fort over there."

"And if I decline?"

"Then we will have to make you go."

Jones looked at them and saw that they had become tired and were ready to use force.

He drew his short sword, which only differed from a civilian's in being of the best steel and very sharp.

"I will not go!"

Instantly five muskets were leveled at him.

He struck down three with one stroke of his sword, and before the others could fire he had jumped into the water.

Raising himself up in the water, he scanned the waves and saw another boat pulling toward the south.

He made for it and called for aid.

He was seen, and the boat was headed toward him.

He swam lustily and reached it.

He trusted to his good luck to make friends with the two fishermen.

"What have you done?" they asked, as soon as they dragged him into the boat.

"Done?"

"Yes; the redcoats are after you. Have you deserted?"

"No."

"Are you one of Washington's men?"

"Yes."

One fisherman, who seemed to own the boat, cried out:

"Bill, pull for the shore."

Both men plied the oars vigorously toward the Staten Island shore, and Jones wondered whether he had fallen into the hands of friends.

"If you are a Continental," said the owner of the boat, "we are your friends. Who are you?"

"I am Paul Jones."

"Not Jones of the *Providence*?"

"The same."

"Bill, I'd rather have Captain Paul Jones on board than all the fish in the bay. We'll save you, cap'n, or we'll die with you."

The assurance was given so heartily that Jones knew he was with friends.

"You shall be rewarded for this," he said.

"Then, cap'n, I'll ask a favor."

"It is granted before you ask, so tell me what it is."

"When you make your next voyage let me be one of your crew."

"Bravo, my good man! Such good fellows as you are needed in our navy. But your family?"

"I have no family. This is my brother's house, and I am single and hearty. You know my brother, of course—everybody knows Abram van Duzer, the best pilot that ever steered vessel into New York Harbor."

Ben van Duzer came of a race of pilots. A Van Duzer accompanied Henry Hudson when he explored the river which now bears his name.

A Van Duzer, the direct ancestor of Ben, steered the first boat to Staten Island's shores and landed the first families there.

He it was who guided the Huguenots to the peaceful valleys of the lovely island, and with equal skill showed the hardy Hollanders and the stolid Germans where the most fertile lands could be found.

Ben van Duzer told Paul Jones many a yarn about the island, and gave him a map of the entire harbor, which proved a valuable possession.

On the next day Ben accompanied Jones to the mainland, taking him to the coast of New Jersey, from which point he was able to easily reach Philadelphia, and make his report to Congress.

Ben had secured a promise from Paul Jones that on the next voyage he should accompany the intrepid captain.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "RANGER."

There was not a prouder man than Ben van Duzer when he received a notice to join Captain Paul Jones on board the *Ranger* at New Portsmouth.

Jones was glad to serve the new government on the deck

of any war vessel, though he felt a great disappointment over the failure of Holland to keep its faith.

Benjamin Franklin, Arthur Lee, and Silas Deane, the commissioners of the United States in France, had contracted with the Dutch government for a first-class war frigate, but England remonstrated with the Hollanders and then with France.

The Dutch were afraid of England, and France had not openly espoused the cause of the States, so a compromise was accepted, and the war frigate became the property of France instead of the new nation on this side the Atlantic.

Congress thereupon offered Paul Jones the *Ranger*, a sloop of war, which was the best vessel the new government possessed.

Jones regretted the loss of his old quartermaster, but with that exception he had pretty nearly the same crew as on the *Providence*.

Van Duzer became quartermaster, because he was well up in many points concerning navigation of which Chris was ignorant.

Jimmy, the powder monkey, was already at Portsmouth, waiting to welcome his captain.

On a bright sunny day in July, 1777, Captain Paul Jones stepped on the deck of the *Ranger*, carrying a paper parcel under his arm.

All hands assembled aft and gave a hearty cheer for their captain.

"Men, shipmates, fellow citizens, I have a great honor in store for you."

"Chris will remember that the time the colonies adopted their first flag it was my proud pleasure to unfurl it from the mast of the *Alfred*."

"It was the first time the flag floated over the ocean."

"A new nation has sprung into existence since then, and the colonies have become free and independent States."

"The United States have adopted a permanent flag."

"It has never floated over the ocean, but to-day we hoist it, and I shall call on you to give it the heartiest cheers that ever came from men's throats."

"It is a glorious flag of liberty, and under its stars of freedom we will win success."

Jones, with his own hands, fastened the Stars and Stripes to the halyards, and just as he had hoisted the Pine Tree and Rattlesnake flag, so he ran up the Stars and Stripes, and history will ever remember that it was Paul Jones who first raised the flag of the nation over the ocean.

The men were full of joyous spirits, for they loved their captain, and felt that the cruise was to be one of great glory.

To their extreme disappointment, the *Ranger* was not near ready for sea.

When everything appeared all right, and the captain was prepared to set sail, some new delay would be caused, and the men began to believe the ship was an ill-fated one.

Ben van Duzer sought the captain one day.

"I ain't superstitious," he began, "but I guess unless we soon make a start the men'll be afraid all will be wrong."

"Why?"

"There have been so many delays."

"That's true; the *Ranger* seems to be unlucky."

Paul Jones was not superstitious, but he could not help remembering the silly things spoken by some of the crew, and believed by all seamen.

A black cat had been seen to come on board the *Ranger*, but no one ever saw it go off, and that was considered a bad omen.

The black cat coming on was all right, but it had disappeared, and the seamen declared that with its disappearance all the luck had gone.

The Atlantic was crossed, and though the *Ranger* kept in the track of European vessels, not once did they sight a sail of a vessel bearing the English flag.

Early in December the *Ranger* anchored at the port of Nantes.

Everything possible was done to disguise her warlike appearance, and the captain felt perfectly safe to leave her in the charge of First Lieutenant Stewart while he paid a visit to Paris.

CHAPTER XII.

"TO DEATH OR GLORY!"

On the outskirts of Paris, in the most delightful suburb of Plassy, dwelt a Frenchman, wealthy and distinguished, whose entire sympathies were with the young Republic of the United States.

Monsieur de Chaumont was the first connected with the court of Louis XVI. to welcome the American commissioners.

So pleased was he with the sturdy old New Englander, Benjamin Franklin, that he placed his house at his disposal, and entreated, as a personal favor, that it should be the headquarters of the commission.

Franklin was a politician, and saw at once the advantage of having a friend like De Chaumont.

So the commissioners accepted the offer and made their headquarters at the handsome residence of their French friend.

Captain Paul Jones journeyed to Paris, hoping to enlist the sympathies of the commissioners, and through them obtain a better war vessel.

He reached Plassy, and proceeded to the residence of De Chaumont.

Franklin was walking in the garden, hatless, though it was in December, the wind blowing about his "thin hair which flowed down the sides of his head nearly to his shoulders."

The two men met.

Had they been Frenchmen they would have embraced and kissed each other, but they were Americans, and so they shook hands.

"Welcome to France!" exclaimed the old philosopher and politician.

The two men talked long and earnestly.

"France will never recognize the United States," said Franklin.

"I think France will before a week has passed," answered Paul Jones.

"And what causes you to think so?"

"I am here."

The egotistic answer made Franklin smile, but Jones had no thought of egoism. He had spoken as he thought.

"I admire you, Paul Jones. I consider my country will have still greater cause to be proud of you, but I don't see how you are going to accomplish that which we have failed to secure."

It was Paul Jones who smiled then.

"I have the command of the *Ranger*, a poor sloop of war, but good enough to command respect."

Franklin looked bewildered.

"You could not make war on France with one sloop."

"We have the brig *Independence* as well."

"Do you imagine—"

"I don't imagine anything. I have never had time for imagination's pleasure; I merely say that France shall salute the Stars and Stripes, and if that is done, the country must recognize the republic."

Paul Jones had not the opportunity of putting his threat into tangible form for some weeks, for he was commissioned to convoy some American vessels from the port of Nantes to the small town of Quiberon, in whose harbor was a large French fleet bound for Canada and the North American waters.

When Paul Jones arrived there, with the flag flying and his guns exposed, he saw an opportunity of winning the coveted recognition.

Paul Jones sent a boat to the French admiral's flagship, Lieutenant Stewart being the bearer of a letter, in which Jones asked whether, if he saluted the French flag, would his flag be saluted in return.

The admiral sent back an answer saying that he would salute, but, as the United States was only a republic, he could only salute with nine guns, instead of the customary thirteen.

Again Paul Jones took up his pen.

"A republic is the equal of any other government, and the superior of many," he wrote; "and I think the admiral's letter requires some explanation. The haughty English salute gun for gun to foreign officers of equal rank, and two less only by captains to staff officers. It is true my command is not important, yet, as the senior American officer at present in Europe, it is my duty to claim an equal return of respect to the flag of the United States that would be shown to any other flag whatever."

After quoting precedents, which he had carefully compiled, he concluded his letter to the admiral by saying that:

"As I do not hold the rank of admiral, I will accept of two guns less."

Lieutenant Stewart bore the letter to the French admiral, and Paul Jones walked the deck impatiently while awaiting a reply.

The admiral convinced Stewart that it would be a breach of his orders to return gun for gun when saluted by a republic; but he would salute the Stars and Stripes with nine guns.

Jones had to accept this.

To refuse would, perhaps, have still further delayed recognition.

He gave the order to make ready to fire a salute.

It was after sunset before the *Ranger* could get near enough to salute the French flag.

Then thirteen guns were fired, and the smoke had scarcely cleared before the admiral returned the salute with nine guns.

Jones was highly elated, but he knew that an excuse might be made which would destroy the effect.

It was nearly dark, and the admiral might plead that the flag was mistaken for another in the dim light.

Early next day Paul Jones went on board the *Independence*.

At once he sent a message to the French admiral to the effect that he intended sailing through the fleet and saluting the flag.

The admiral sent back a very courteous reply.

As the little brig sailed between the lines the crews of the French ships cheered her for her boldness and her trim manner.

When the *Independence* arrived opposite the flagship, Paul Jones gave the order to salute, and the thirteen guns were fired with splendid precision.

The French admiral had his heavy thirty-six pounders all ready, and nine times the thunder of a shot was heard saluting the glorious flag of Freedom.

Paul Jones was highly elated. He had accomplished more than the politicians.

Early in April he called all his men aft and addressed them:

"Gentlemen, seamen, marines, I am going to set sail in the morning direct for the Irish seas. I know every inlet, every harbor. If we fail, we shall all die; if we succeed, we shall be covered with glory and our flag be honored.

"What say you, shall it be the most daring cruise ever attempted, or shall we remain inactive in these waters?"

There was no response for a moment.

"You are each and all free to answer, and I shall respect you for your honest opinions."

Then Van Duzer replied:

"We vote for Captain Paul Jones and his glorious idea."

"Aye, aye, we'll follow you to death or glory!" shouted another.

Paul Jones uncovered his head, and in tones of thunder shouted:

"We go, then, to—death or glory!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A DARING CRUISE.

No sooner had the *Ranger* left the port of Brest than Paul Jones gave orders to have the vessel disguised as much as possible.

It was his intention to pose as a merchantman and go direct to the coast of England.

The *Ranger's* guns were hidden and the clean, white sails daubed with lampblack in order that they might look old and weather-stained.

The crew was kept below most of the time, for its number would have attracted attention.

Four nights after leaving Brest the officer on the quarter cried out:

"Sail ho!"

Paul Jones heard the cry and was on deck at once.

He scanned the vessel through his glass and saw that it was a first-class merchantman, a brigantine.

The British vessel never suspected that an enemy was so near, and so allowed the *Ranger* to get close to her.

The *Ranger* passed the brigantine, then turned, and bearing down upon her, fired a blank cartridge across her bows.

The sailing master of the brigantine asked what meant the challenge so peremptorily given.

The *Ranger's* sailing master replied:

"This is the United States ship *Ranger*, and you are our prize."

There was commotion on the deck of the British ship, and hurried consultation between the officers.

Resistance was useless, and the first prize was obtained.

It was a serious matter to know what to do with the prize.

The brigantine would sell for a considerable sum if it could be taken into a friendly port, but that was impossible.

To return to France Paul Jones would have to run the gantlet of a score of British warships, and the *Ranger* was not strong enough for that.

Orders were given to remove as much as possible from the British ship to the *Ranger*, and the most valuable part of the cargo found room under the American flag.

The brigantine must be destroyed; it would attract too much attention to burn it, so the carpenter was sent on board to bore holes in and scuttle her.

It looked like a shame, but it was the only thing that could be done.

The captain begged hard for the ship to be saved. He loved every plank in her deck, and it was like losing a dear friend to see her go to the bottom.

Paul Jones knew that the risk was too great; the captain would, doubtless, have taken the brigantine into a British port, and so saved her.

Within two hours from the time the *Ranger* made known her presence, the British vessel sank below the waves, never to be seen again.

The captain and crew were all hospitably treated by Paul Jones, for he made war on a nation, not on individuals.

For three days the *Ranger* sailed up and down the channel, often seeing chances of securing valuable prizes, had it not been for war frigates being in too close proximity.

Lieutenant Stewart entered the captain's cabin on the evening of the third day.

"A sail, captain."

"Where?"

"To the north; it seems a new ship, and there is no war boat in sight."

Jones was on deck immediately and scanning the ocean in every direction.

The orders were quickly given to crowd on all sail and give chase.

The British ship soon saw that she was being pursued, and put on all sail possible.

For two hours the chase continued, until the merchantman was at the very entrance to the Liffey, and within sight of Dublin.

The *Ranger* was not going to lose such a prize, and in half an hour had got near enough to fire a blank cartridge across her bows and summon her to surrender.

The United States ensign was run up on the *Ranger*, and there are people who declare that it was seen from Dublin harbor, so close were the vessels.

The *Lord Chatham*, the merchantman, was within sight of its port, for it was bound for Dublin, when Paul Jones decided differently.

How proud was the American captain when he saw the *Lord Chatham* lower the British ensign, as a sign of surrender.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORY OF A CASTAWAY.

Paul Jones had no reason to love his native land, save the sentimental one that he was born there, if, indeed, he was.

During the whole of his life he had doubts as to his being a Scotchman.

It was in April, 1778, that he entered the Firth of Solway on board the United States warship *Ranger*.

He remembered how he had left there a poor boy, and now he was a captain in the navy, with all the honors a new nation could bestow on him.

He stood looking at the coast, every inlet of which he knew so well.

One of the officers of the *Lord Chatham*, who had pleaded with Jones for permission to stay on board the *Ranger* for a time, watched him with a strange emotion.

"Pardon me, Captain Jones, do you know this port?"

"Why do you ask?"

"You seem so interested."

"Yonder shore is Kirkcudbright, and there I was born."

"You are Scotch?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"You do not look it. You favor the French more than the Scotch."

"Do I? Are you Scotch?"

"No, captain. My mother was French, my father Irish; that is why I have not shown much love for the English; but I was at Abridland once."

"That is my native place."

"Do you know a man named John Paul, a gardener?"

Paul Jones turned on his heel and caught his prisoner guest by the arm.

"Why do you ask? Did you know him?"

"I met him once."

"He was my father."

"Your father? I do not understand; your name is——"

"John Paul, it was. I changed it to John Paul Jones, and that name is on my commission."

"How old are you?"

"I was born in 1747, therefore, I am thirty-one. Why do you ask?"

"I know my curiosity must seem almost impertinent, but if you can spare me a few minutes I would like to tell you a strange story, which will account for it."

"Come with me; I can spare you a brief time, and I must confess you have excited my interest to a remarkable extent."

"I told you that my mother was French and my father

Irish. He had but little love for England, and his father was one of the wild geese who were driven into exile by England's perfidy.

"When I was a boy I dearly loved the sea, and on my tenth birthday I was allowed to start on my first voyage. The vessel, a brig, was bound for Scotland.

"We were just ready to start when our captain was hailed by the occupants of a small boat which had put off from land.

"The captain ordered the ladder to be lowered, and a man, dressed in the costume worn by courtiers of France, came on deck carrying a bundle.

"He talked for an hour with the captain, and then left, but the bundle remained on board.

"The captain's wife was going that trip with us, and when we had been out at sea a day she appeared on deck, carrying a baby.

"She had no baby when she came on board, so we talked it over in the fo'c's'le, you know how men do, and it was agreed that the baby was the bundle the courtier left.

"We saw very little of the baby on the voyage.

"When we reached the Solway the captain ordered his gig lowered, and he took the baby to land.

"I was in the boat, and remember everything that occurred, just as though it were yesterday.

"We touched land, and the captain, seeing a man walking leisurely along the sand, called to him, speaking good English.

"What is your name?" he asked the man, who seemed to resent the impertinence of the question.

"The captain, however, won the native over by asking him if he wished to make money easily.

"That unlocked the native's tongue, and he said his name was John Paul, and that he was a gardener at a little village called Abridland, and had a large family.

"After some talk, which I did not hear, the baby was handed to John Paul, and a heavy purse of money along with it, and we pulled back to the ship, the captain feeling rather melancholy, for he had begun to like the baby.

"His wife cried straight off for five days, and again when we passed Abridland on our way back to France.

"You will see now why I was very much interested when you said your name was John Paul, and that you came from Abridland."

Paul Jones had listened very attentively, and when his prisoner guest had finished his story, he asked:

"In what year was that?"

"I was ten years old then; I am forty-one now."

"Then it would be the same year in which I was born."

"Yes, 1747."

"It is strange. I may have been that baby, but, if so, who was my father? Who was my mother? What was my birth name? After all, what matters? I am prouder of being Captain Paul Jones than I should be if I were a member of the French king's household."

CHAPTER XV.

WE'LL HAVE A FIGHT.

Carrickfergus Castle frowned down on the lough, and seemed to glory in its strength.

On a rock, thirty feet high, projecting into the sea, by which it is surrounded on three sides, old De Courcey, in the twelfth century, built one of the strongest castles to be found in northern countries.

The keep, or central tower, stood ninety feet high, and from the top could be seen the coast of Scotland and the Mourne Mountains.

On the works, when Paul Jones arrived within range, twenty-two twelve-pounders were mounted, and one of the best garrisons England could produce always remained to defend the castle.

Lieutenant Stewart looked at the frowning guns on the parapet and sighed.

"What ails you, sir?" asked Paul Jones.

"I was thinking, captain, that were it not for those guns we might have a try at yonder sloop of war."

"A sloop of war—where?"

Stewart handed his superior his glass and pointed to the northwest.

"By the powers, we'll have a fight, and that sloop shall be ours."

"But the castle?"

"What of that?"

"We are within range."

"Then we will tempt the Britisher out of range. Oh, it will be glorious if we can capture her right within sight of old Carrickfergus Castle. We must find out all about her."

"How?"

"I am going ashore."

"You?"

"Yes; I don't want to endanger any one else. Be sure to keep the crew below deck, and don't let any one come on board."

"No, sir. Shall the guns be got ready?"

"Yes; secretly and silently make all preparations."

Paul Jones knew no fear, so, without any disguise, dressed as an ordinary merchant skipper, he was put ashore at the nearest point to the Castle of Carrickfergus.

With all the boldness and daring for which he was noted he presented himself to the commandant, and asked permission to see the keep of which he had heard such good accounts.

He talked so nicely to the officer that Paul Jones became the guest of the commandant, and by him was shown all over the castle.

From the top of the keep he scanned the ocean, and through the officer's powerful glass he saw that no other warships were within range.

Thanking the commandant for his courtesy, he left the stronghold and returned to the *Ranger*, where he delighted his officers with the story of his adventures.

"We shall have a fight, and it will be a memorable one. The *Drake* is strong and new, and her guns heavier than ours."

"We shall be hanged as pirates if we are caught, you know, so we have to fight for our lives as well as our country. God bless our flag, and may we live to see it acknowledged by all the world."

Orders were given to have everything cleared for action without the usual drum beat.

Then came the word to the sailing master to stand in to the harbor and lay athwart the *Drake*, so that the fight could be at close quarters.

The *Ranger* carried full sail and brought up just at the right point; but a mistake was made in letting go the anchor too soon, and she drifted half to three-quarters of a cable away.

It was an unfortunate mistake, but Jones gave orders to cut the cable, and the *Ranger* sailed directly astern of the *Drake*, right under her stern chasers.

The English warship did not suspect anything, and her officers merely grumbled at the lubberly carelessness of the *Ranger*.

Jones sang out, "All right," and sheered off, intending on the following night to adopt the same tactics, but without making the mistakes.

He awaited the cover of darkness before again starting to surprise the English war sloop, but fate interposed.

A furious gale again favored the British, and made the *Ranger* put out to sea to escape being dashed on the rocks.

For five days and six nights the gale was fierce, and it was impossible to reënter the harbor.

"I will meet Captain Burden of the *Drake* yet, and the

Ranger shall give him a warm reception! Do not be discouraged; we will lock yards with the enemy even yet."

In this way Paul Jones cheered his men, and, though the storm raged with fury, they were as contented and happy as if all had been calm and peaceful.

One of the crew named Chris improvised a song to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and though the words were but doggerel, when the crew returned to the United States and sang them the song became popular and lived for nearly a quarter of a century.

While the storm was raging there was great excitement in the Castle of Carrickfergus.

It all arose from the garrulous talk of an oysterman who had sold Paul Jones a bushel of oysters.

He had come to the conclusion that the *Ranger* was the dreaded Yankee sloop of war, and, having thought it, he made it appear a certainty, and boasted how he had cheated the Yankee skipper.

"Eh, mon; but I just charged him double for the oysters an' he never said a word."

The news was carried to the castle, the oysterman was sent for, and after he had asserted most positively that the skipper was a man-of-war captain, he hung his head with shame and vexation when he was told he could have made five hundred pounds by capturing Paul Jones.

His face brightened in a moment.

"I'll just gang out an' sell him some more oysters, an' I'll bring him awa' wi' me."

Word was sent out to the *Drake*, and Captain Burden bit his lips with vexation when he remembered that only a few hours ago the *Ranger* was at his mercy.

"I'll go out and overhaul him when this gale ceases to blow, and his Yankee timbers shall make a big blaze—I swear it, I swear it! by St. George of England and St. Andrew of Scotland."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE "RANGER" AND THE "DRAKE."

The captain of the *Drake* prided himself on his sharpness. "I will find out all about that strange ship in one day," he asserted, and as he did so he expanded his chest and appeared to be a great man.

When the gale moderated he called his first lieutenant.

"Lieutenant Gordon, take a crew in my gig and find out all about that strange sloop."

"Yes, captain."

Gordon was a far better officer than his superior, had been longer in the service, and had seen more active duty, but Burden was connected with the aristocracy and Gordon was not, hence the difference in their rank.

Gordon was the best man that could have been selected for the task, and if any one could be a match for Paul Jones, it was that English lieutenant.

The boat put off and Paul Jones saw it.

He called to his sailing master.

"Deceive them as much as possible. I will keep the *Ranger's* stern only in sight."

Lieutenant Gordon hailed the *Ranger*, but the sailing master took no notice.

"What ship is that?" shouted Gordon.

"What did you ask?" returned the sailing master of the *Ranger*.

"What ship is that?"

"Yes, the gale was bad, but we weathered it."

"You fool! What is the name of your ship?"

"Yes, a schooner went down off the point last night; we could not save any of the crew."

"Are you deaf?"

"No, we have had no death on board. Have you?"

By this time Gordon's boat had got so close to the *Ranger* that the sailing master was compelled to answer straightly.

"What ship is yours?"

"The *Saturn*, from Whitestone to Dublin."

"What are you waiting here for?"

"We were short of water."

"Have you plenty now?"

"Yes."

"What is your captain's name?"

"Runcom, of Leith."

"I knew his brother. Is the captain on board?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see him."

"What is your ship?"

"His majesty's war sloop *Drake*, twenty-two guns."

"Oh, can you tell us anything about that Yankee sloop commanded by Captain Paul Jones?"

"No; I would give a thousand pounds to see it and to talk with the captain."

"Perhaps my skipper can put you in the way of doing so."

"Find out; I am all impatience."

For once in his life Gordon was fooled.

He had been deceived by the sailing master of the *Ranger*.

Gordon thought he had never talked to a more stupid man, and he was very sure that such stupidity could not be found on a warship.

The *Ranger's* officer saw the advantage he had obtained, and he courteously invited Lieutenant Gordon on board the *Ranger*.

"Captain Runcom will be pleased to see any one who knows his brother."

Unsuspectingly the English officer climbed on board, and no sooner had he landed on deck than a number of the crew of the *Ranger* lowered a boat and rowed round to the *Drake's* gig.

"You are our prisoners," said Van Duzer, to the astonished Englishmen. "Very sorry for you, but the less noise you make about it the better. So come with us."

Force and overwhelming numbers can always command respect, and the *Drake's* boat was taken to the other side of the *Ranger*, and its crew treated as prisoners.

Lieutenant Gordon was rather disconcerted when he saw the clean, trim deck, so unlike that of the average merchantman of that day. In a few moments Paul Jones stood facing him.

"You are from the English sloop of war *Drake*?"

"I am."

"Your name?"

"Gordon—Lieutenant Gordon."

"Very pleased to welcome you. I am Paul Jones, captain in the United States Navy, and acting commodore in these waters, and you are my prisoner."

"Prisoner?"

"Yes; I am sorry for you, but you will be treated with all courtesy, and you will find that a republic knows how to respect a brave man."

"My men—"

"Are already cared for forward—they are prisoners."

"Is this the—"

"*Ranger*, yes; this is the United States *Ranger*."

The captain of the *Drake* had seen the capture of the boat, and knew that his lieutenant had been outwitted.

"Curses on him!" he muttered between his teeth; "he shall rue his density of intellect. I'll humble the Yankee, and then I'll report Gordon."

Orders were given to make ready, and the *Drake* began to move slowly out of the channel to where the *Ranger* lay at anchor.

"Throw off all disguise, boys!" shouted Paul Jones; "let them see that we have got guns, and we'll show them that we know how to use them later."

"To your posts!" rang out along the deck. The time for action had come.

The men drank their grog, and prepared for action.

Perhaps nothing more daring was ever known in naval warfare.

The *Ranger*, one poor little sloop of war, bid defiance to the greatest naval nation on earth.

And that defiance was hurled, not far away from the enemy's resources, but in sight of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Fires were blazing on the hills, telling the people of the approaching naval combat.

So wild and excited were the people that they marched in procession, carrying effigies of Paul Jones.

At the market places the effigies were burned or hanged, according to the temper of the people.

Every one had heard of the bold sailor warrior, and every one believed that day would end his career.

Pleasure boats put out to watch the contest.

Flags were flying on every church and public building, and as the morning dawned the people looked at the English vessel approaching the little American *Ranger* with feelings of pride.

The *Drake* was near enough to signal, and its sailing master called out:

"What ship is that?"

"The United States *Ranger*! What ship is that?"

"His majesty's sloop of war *Drake*."

Instantly the English ensign was hoisted on the *Drake*, and the Stars and Stripes were run up the halyards on the *Ranger*.

And within two minutes the plucky American's helm was ported, and her broadside brought to bear on the approaching ship.

A volley was fired, and its thunders echoed through the hills on either coast.

The *Drake* answered, and a furious cannonade commenced.

Both ships were running free, close together, the light wind being favorable for the contest.

The roar of the cannon and the rattle of musketry were deafening.

Paul Jones walked the quarter-deck amid a shower of bullets, but remained unwounded.

The Americans held their ground, and in half an hour a musket ball laid the English captain low.

The *Ranger's* fire was the most effective.

The *Drake* was damaged by every volley.

Her fore and maintopsail yards were shot away, the maintopgallant mast gaff hanging up and down her mast; her jib hung over her lee into the water, her sails and rigging were in rags.

The English ensign had twice been shot away, but with bulldog courage and commendable bravery the British sailors had for a third time hoisted it.

The sun was sinking; the *Drake* had lost its captain, first lieutenant, and forty of the officers and men; the wounded were crying in agony all over the deck, and resistance was useless.

In sight of the Carrickfergus Castle, in sight of British land, the English flag was hauled down, and those on board the *Drake* cried for mercy.

"Quarter! quarter!"

The firing ceased.

Paul Jones boarded the *Drake*, and with his own hands ran up the Stars and Stripes.

He was the proudest man in the world that moment.

He saw the dead and dying all round him, and he murmured a prayer:

"Poor fellows! God rest their souls!"

Then he asked:

"Is the captain alive?"

"No; he could not live to see the English flag go down," was the answer of one of the surviving officers.

"I honor him."

There was no time for sympathy.

The alarm had been given, and Paul Jones was in greater peril than he had ever been before.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

Enemies in front, behind, and all around him, Paul Jones seemed to have reached the time when his daring must prove his ruin.

The *Ranger* was almost unhurt, and had lost only one officer and one man.

The *Drake* was so crippled that it would require the best seamanship to tow her to a safe port.

Fortune favored Jones, for a storm, which had been threatening for some time, broke over the ocean, making the atmosphere as dark as midnight.

In the darkness Jones put out farther from land and risked the danger of collision.

When the heavy clouds lifted he found that he was safe, for a time, from pursuit, and he awaited an opportunity to bury the dead.

With that humanity which had always characterized him, he ordered the dead to be decently covered and laid on the lower deck according to their rank.

Captain Burden, of the *Drake*, was covered with the British flag, which he had so nobly defended and loved so well.

By his side was Second Lieutenant Wallingford, of the *Ranger*, and over him was spread the Stars and Stripes.

When the hour of midnight was reached the order was given, and the boatswain's pipe was heard calling:

"All hands report for duty!"

With cheerfulness the men responded, and were soon at work repairing the *Drake*, fitting up jury masts, bending new sails, and planking over the holes in the hull of the English ship.

By morning everything was ready for the journey to France, and Paul Jones once more astonished his officers by ordering the sailing master to steer north.

He thought it very unlikely that he would be looked for at the place where he had achieved so great a victory, and so he took the *Drake* back past Carrickfergus and round the north and west of Ireland.

When he reached Brest, towing in the great prize, and gayly floating the Stars and Stripes above the English flag on the *Drake*, the people became so excited that they cheered, and laughed, and cried as they told the news one to the other.

As the *Ranger* passed the French flagship, the salute of thirteen guns was fired, and every warship in the harbor answered by saluting the American flag.

The French sailors manned the yards of the flagship without orders, and their voices were almost as loud as the saluting cannon, so sturdily did they cheer the gallant and dashing Paul Jones.

Benjamin Franklin hastened to Brest to welcome him and assure him that America would never forget his exploits.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE QUEEN'S VANITY.

Once more Paul Jones was in the gay city of Paris.

But how changed was the city! Already the people were beginning to raise the cry of revolution and the king vacillated so much that no one took any notice of what he said or did.

The ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, sneered at the people, and when she heard they were starving, laughed at the report.

"Starving? How absurd! I am sure the bakers' shops are full of bread; why don't the people buy it? I am sure I would not starve!"

No one told her that a million francs had been taken from the poor people of the city in order that she might purchase more jewels.

When she heard that Paul Jones was in the city she sent for him.

"The dear Captain Jones, I must see him."

When a queen says that, courtiers are ready to obey, and, if necessary, compel the attendance of the one whose presence is desired.

When the message or command was conveyed to Paul Jones he had no thought of refusing to visit Marie Antoinette, for he fancied that she could assist him.

He was advised by Franklin to make a ceremonious visit, but the naval hero was even blunter than the philosophic statesman, and replied that he would just call on the lady and see if she could do anything for his suffering country.

Marie was ready to receive him.

She was attired simply but richly.

Her knowledge of men led her to cast aside the gay costumes she wore to fascinate courtiers, and appear before Paul Jones in a garb pleasing and simple.

"Welcome, Monsieur le Capitaine Paul Jones, she exclaimed, as he bowed before her.

"Come, sit by me and tell me all about yourself, about your magnificent courage. Oh, I do love a brave man, and you are brave."

She dismissed all her attendants and made Jones sit on a superbly upholstered lounge by her side.

"If I am brave, madam, it is because my country needs bravery. I'm a soldier, and as such it is my duty to fight." She tapped him with her fan as he spoke.

"But tell me about yourself. Do you never feel afraid?"

"Of what?" he asked.

"Death! Oh, it is horrible to think of! Do you know I saw a poor little fly killed this morning, and I thought—I nearly fainted with the thought—that death was not nice. I am queen, yet they tell me I must die. I suppose I must; but, if I am a great queen why can't I say: 'I won't die?' But, tell me, are you never afraid?"

"No, Madam la Reine, I was never afraid of death. It has no terrors for me. I cling to life, but as we all must die——"

"Stop! Let us change the subject. Do you never think you would like to leave the sea and marry some nice girl——"

"I shall never marry."

"What, never? I should like you always to be near me. I like brave men."

"Madam, my country is my wife. My country needs all my energies. I wish that you, madam, could help my country."

"How?"

"I have been promised a ship."

"You shall have one."

"My country needs money—a loan, not a gift. Now, if France——"

"My dear Captain Jones, France will not give you money; France is niggardly. Do you know, I wanted a necklace and a new crown? They would cost only a million francs, and the ministers refused me; said France was too poor."

"But, your majesty——"

"No, madam to you."

"Then, madam, my country needs money to secure true liberty. And liberty is more precious than jewels."

"You haven't seen my celebrated necklace. I must show it to you. Nay, don't say you do not like to look at jewels. I will send for it."

The necklace was brought and Marie placed it in the hands of Paul Jones.

"Is it not beautiful?"

"It is superb."

"It is worth two million francs."

"I wish I owned it."

"What would you do with it?"

"I would sell it, and fit out ships for my country."

"You shall do better."

"How?"

"You shall clasp that necklace round my neck. There are many men who would give much for that honor."

For one second of time Paul Jones thought he would refuse; then he remembered that he wished to enlist her sympathies for his country, and, with all the gallantry of his nature, he took the beautiful necklace and clasped it round the vain queen's neck.

One of the ladies-in-waiting craved admittance and reminded her that she had an engagement.

Apologizing to Paul Jones for having to bring the interview to an abrupt termination, she added, in a low voice:

"I must see you again. You shall have a ship, and the money you need. *Au revoir*."

Elated at his success, he sought out Benjamin Franklin, and told him.

"In the book we call the Bible," said Franklin, "there is a piece of advice which you would do well to remember. It reads: 'Put not your faith in princes.' And the same applies to queens."

"But she promised."

"It is easy enough to do so. I could promise you a whole navy, but the promise would be no good. I asked the queen to use her influence to obtain me a loan of five million francs. She promised and forgot all about it."

"But I think—I mean she was so serious——"

"You are young, Paul Jones, and a pretty woman——"

"As you like, you old cynic, but I am going to succeed."

"We shall see."

The days passed on into weeks, and weeks into months, and nothing but promises had been obtained from the queen. As for the king, he was a most thorough nonentity.

One day, when all hope was given up, Paul Jones, who, after waiting at Breast, had again returned to Paris, entered Franklin's room.

"See, read this!"

Jones held an English paper in his hand.

His finger pointed to a proclamation by the British government, warning the people on the coast that a descent might be made at any moment by Paul Jones, and offering a reward for his capture.

"I will see the queen once more, and I'll make her keep her promise or I shall speak to her as strongly as I feel."

"Don't be rash."

"Rash! Here I have been idle for eight months. I'll not stand it. I must do something."

Paul Jones left Franklin's house and went to the palace. The queen would not see him, and he was almost furious.

Franklin was walking to and fro in the garden attached to his residence, that same afternoon, wondering what had happened to Paul Jones.

For Jones had promised to return as soon as he left the palace.

The gate opened and Franklin turned to meet, as he supposed, his naval friend.

Instead, it was a lady who approached him.

She was plainly dressed in dark clothes, and heavily veiled.

"Monsieur Franklin, tell me how much money does your nation require?"

"Five million francs."

"And can it be secured by bonds?"

"It can."

"If you will do as I wish the money shall be yours within twenty-four hours."

"Who are you?"

"A fairy godmother, if you like. I can do all I promise. You must do something."

"What is required?"

"Will you do it?"

"Madam, I must know what it is, first."

"Then I must seek help elsewhere. I only wished to serve your nation."

"Madam, I——"

"You shall have the money."

"How can you promise it?"

"See! it is not too dark for you to read this order."

Franklin looked at the precious paper, and saw it was an order on the finance minister to pay to the order of the United States of America, on the signature of Doctor Benjamin Franklin, the sum of five million francs.

The order was signed by both Louis and Marie Antoinette.

"I will do all you wish."

No sooner had Franklin promised than he was sorry.

He might be called upon to sacrifice his honor.

"Go to the Tropical Grove in the royal garden in an hour—nay, now, or you may be too late."

"What to do?"

"Captain Paul Jones is in danger."

"In danger?"

"Yes; he is to fight a duel with De Morny."

"A duel?"

"Yes; Viscount de Morny insulted the queen and not a Frenchman would defend her. Then Paul Jones, the gallant American, struck De Morny across the cheek. There was a challenge. De Morny selected to-morrow, on the Fontainebleau road; Captain Jones preferred to-day. The duel must be stopped."

"Paul Jones can protect himself."

"Yes, but——"

"What! Are you afraid for De Morny?"

"No, I—I—— The queen says the duel must be stopped."

"How?"

"Any way. If you stop it you get five millions and Paul Jones gets his ship."

"I do not see——"

"You have promised."

"I remember. I will go now."

"Do so, and Heaven will bless you."

The lady remained closely veiled throughout the interview.

But Franklin was not deceived.

"I know that voice," he said. "Only Marie Antoinette could have spoken with such an accent. But why does she interpose? What can have made her seek the safety of Paul Jones at such a cost? Perhaps it is De Morny she is interested in."

He was about to leave the room when his sharp eye saw something glisten on the floor.

He picked it up and found it was the queen's signet ring.

"Now, my lady, we will see if you can keep a promise. If we get the money and the ship the ring shall be restored. If not—— Well, well, the Yankee may be too sharp for you."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLOODLESS DUEL.

Benjamin Franklin did not like his task.

He had always kept his name clear of scandal, and had never been associated with duelists.

How was he to stop the duel?

He might win for himself the enmity of both disputants, and he had no desire to offend either.

De Morny had considerable influence at the court, and to offend him might injure the cause of the United States.

But his word must be kept.

He reached the designated place, but found no angry disputants.

Before many minutes, however, he saw the Frenchman, with his second and a surgeon.

Franklin approached him.

"Monsieur le Vicomte, I am very pleased to meet you. I hope you can walk with me, for I wish to talk to you about a little matter in which we are both interested."

"Monsieur Franklin, I regret that I have another engagement which will detain me."

"I will wait."

"I regret that I shall not be at liberty this evening."

"Very well; to-morrow, then. Ah! here comes my compatriot, Captain Jones. I will walk with him."

"You cannot."

"Cannot?"

"I said so. Why do you repeat?"

"Monsieur le Vicomte is pleased to talk mysteriously."

"Fool!" hissed De Morny, "do you want me to proclaim to all the world that we are about to fight on the field of honor?"

"To fight? Who and when?"

Paul Jones had heard the last question, and he answered.

"This"—he hesitated before uttering the word—"gentleman insulted a lady. I objected, and he must answer to me."

"Indeed! And might I ask the lady's name?"

"You may ask, but no gentleman would answer."

"Captain Paul Jones, you dare not fight a duel. You are under my orders, and I forbid it."

Paul Jones felt the blood leave his face; and his limbs trembled.

"I was under your orders, sir, but if I am not allowed to defend an insulted woman, then I must perforce transfer my allegiance to some government which will allow innocence to be protected and the insulters punished."

"But the Viscount de Morny meant no insult."

"No; I only spoke the plain truth. She is a——"

"Stop! Do not repeat. It might make the wound more serious. Let me suggest that you settle the account in a game of skill. It would be far more satisfactory than spilling blood."

"But honor——"

"My dear De Morny, if I am not very greatly mistaken, France will want all her sons soon, and I am afraid there will be lots of blood-letting."

"He struck me on the face."

"I did, and do not regret it."

"Gentlemen, I beg of you, I implore you, not to fight. Suppose the lady's name should transpire, what scandal it would cause! Surely you do not want to give the enemies of the king more power."

"What has it to do with the king?"

"Everything. The lady's name is kept secret, but the duel is in the royal garden. I ask you to remember——"

"We must fight, unless De Morny apologizes."

"That I will never do."

"Then draw for I am impatient."

Franklin stood between the two men and declared that if any blow was struck he must be its recipient.

The seconds conversed aside for a few minutes, and then made a suggestion that, as neither of the gentlemen would apologize the duel must take place, but it need only be a test of skill, the one who was first disarmed to apologize.

To this all agreed, and the two men drew their swords.

For a moment steel clashed against steel, but by a dexterous stroke Jones sent his adversary's sword flying through the air.

"I apologize," exclaimed De Morny, at the same time extending his hand to Jones, who took it with considerable hesitation.

Franklin invited all present to dine with him, and what

might have been a tragedy ended in a very satisfactory comedy.

Not a word did Franklin say to Paul Jones by way of explaining how he came to be on hand so opportunely, neither did he hint at his hopes of what the morrow would bring forth.

As soon as official etiquette would allow, Doctor Franklin presented himself at the treasury department of the French government, and presented his order.

"It is a large sum; I do not think it can be done."

"His majesty says it can, and——"

"I am not going to dispute the order, I only hesitated as to the method of payment."

The matter was discussed amicably, and in an hour Franklin was able to place five million francs to the credit of the young republic across the Atlantic.

"Now as to a ship for Paul Jones?"

"Ah, that is even a harder matter to accomplish. Here is the minister of the navy; he can assist you."

The usual excuses, the oft-repeated promises were again resorted to, but Franklin was bold.

He said the queen had promised, and he should at once report to her unless he got satisfaction.

"What is it you want?"

"A war ship."

"And a big addition to the expenses of the navy?"

"No. The United States will pay its own expenses and bear its own flag over the ocean. France is at war with England; every additional ship, well officered, must be to France's advantage, and, therefore, we are asking no favor."

The minister saw that further temporizing was useless, so he offered the war ship the *Duc de Duras* to Franklin.

In the name of the United States it was accepted, and the American was delighted, for he was told the ship was one of the newest and best in the navy.

CHAPTER XX.

LAUDAIS' THREAT.

Captain Paul Jones was glad to get any ship.

He did not feel very enthusiastic over the *Duc de Duras*, for he found it was old and very much decayed.

It was too long for what Jones intended doing, but it had some good guns, having twenty-four guns in broadside and eighteen smaller ones.

She had a crew of three hundred and eighty men, and Jones found that they were representatives of nearly every nationality in the world.

Jones would have liked to see his old crew of the *Ranger*, but they had remained on board, save only Lieutenant Stewart, who had been appointed captain and ordered home, and the two men and a boy who would not leave Jones for anything.

During all the weary waiting Van Duzer, Chris, and Jimmy had kept up their spirits, and maintained their hope that their beloved captain would soon get a ship, when they could again serve under him.

"I want that name painted out," said Jones, as he pointed to the very conspicuous *Duc de Duras* on the stern of the ship.

"What will you call her?" asked the officer in charge.

"The *Bon Homme Richard*."

This was a compliment to Doctor Benjamin Franklin, who was then publishing his "Poor Richard's Almanac."

"What do you think of her?" asked Franklin.

"Not much; she is rotten and the crew is a worthless one, save for fighting; perhaps they can fight better than work."

"How many Americans have you?"

"I can muster thirty only."

"That is a pity."

"Yes; had the French negotiated for an exchange—— But who is this?"

The attention of both men was attracted to a noble-looking young man, whose clear, bright eye and smooth skin proclaimed his youth.

"Are you Commodore Paul Jones?" he asked, addressing our hero.

"I am."

"Then I am well repaid for my journey here. I am told you are about to sail. I hope to be permitted to join you."

"Your name, sir?"

"Richard Dale."

"Not Lieutenant Dale, whose marvelous escapes from British military prisons have thrilled the world?"

"I am the same man."

"Dale, I am proud to meet you."

"You are kindred spirits," added Franklin, "for Paul Jones loves close fighting as well as you do."

"How many times have you been taken prisoner, Dale?"

"Three times."

"And exchanged?"

"No; I escaped. After my first escape and recapture I was deprived of all amusements. To keep myself from fretting, I composed a national song, and sang it whenever I felt dull. I was heard singing it one day, and got forty days in the black hole for it. When I was liberated, my jailers thought I should die, but I sang it again, and that song kept me from going mad."

"You must sing it for us, Mr. Dale, some time. Let me say at once, I enlist you as my first lieutenant, and I hope that you may never again see the black hole."

By the time the *Bon Homme Richard* was ready for sea, Franklin had some good news for Jones.

Four other ships were to join him in the cruise, and were to be under his orders.

They were the *Alliance*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, with an American crew, but a French captain; the *Pallas*, a frigate carrying thirty-two guns; the *Cerf*, a cutter with eighteen guns, and the *Vengeance*, a brig carrying twelve guns.

Captain Laudais, of the *Alliance*, was a most eccentric man, who, according to Franklin, was "skillful in keeping out of harm's way."

From the first, Laudais conceived a dislike to Paul Jones, perhaps arising from jealousy, but nurtured until it became hate.

The squadron was fitted out at L'Orient, and it was June before it was ready for the cruise.

On the night before the starting of the little squadron, Chris overheard a conversation which he reported to Paul Jones.

Captain Laudais was talking to a French friend.

"Yes; the American, Paul Jones, is commodore, now," said Laudais, "but I am next to him, and, if he is once out of the way, I shall be commodore."

"But he is not out of the way," said his friend.

Laudais laughed.

"Leave that to me, and be sure you have a good bottle of wine ready to drink the health of Commodore Laudais."

"What will you do?"

"Do? Anything to get rid of Paul Jones. I'd even risk—— But they say 'little pitchers have wide ears,' and there's a boy listening. Trust me; Paul Jones may commence the voyage, but he will never finish it."

CHAPTER XXI.

"WAS IT TREACHERY?"

Chris reported the conversation to Van Duzer, who at once communicated it to Paul Jones.

"It is nothing," said the commodore.

"But, captain, the Frenchman is dangerous."

"No, my good fellow; not all the French captains in the world would frighten me away from my duty."

"But you will watch him?"

"I am commodore; and he must obey orders."

There was such dignity in the answer made by Paul Jones that Van Duzer felt it would be unwise to continue the conversation.

Meanwhile, Paul Jones sought his able lieutenant, and asked him what he thought of Captain Laudais.

"He is mad, sir," answered Dale.

"Do you think so?"

"I feel sure of it; but of course I have no proof."

That night Paul Jones knew that the captain of the *Alliance* was in earnest when he threatened to injure him.

The *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Alliance* were dangerously near to each other at one time.

The tide was running in from the Bay of Biscay with almost terrific power, and the best seamanship was required to avoid a collision.

Lieutenant Dale, who was in command of the deck, saw the danger, and had the helm put up, expecting that the *Alliance* would adopt the same tactics to avoid the chance of danger.

Dale was looking through his glass, and saw Laudais step up to the helmsman, and, placing a pistol at his head, ordered him to keep his luff.

The helmsman protested.

The captain swore until his oaths, growing louder every moment, could be heard on the *Bon Homme Richard*.

The pistol was full cocked, and the helmsman was bound to obey.

There was a crash.

Some of the lighter spars were carried away from each ship, and the captain of the *Alliance*, seeing that the damage was not great, shouted an apology for the accident.

Paul Jones hurried on deck when he heard the crash.

"If an enemy had done that it would have been bad enough," he said, "for we could have retaliated, and whipped him; but for a friend— Oh, Dale, it is hard to bear! The man must be mad."

The cruise was uneventful.

Several prizes were captured, but no great fight took place, and the storms encountered in the Bay of Biscay did so much damage that the vessels had to return to L'Orient to refit and repair.

There was a compensation even in the delay, for Paul Jones found quite a number of Americans who were anxious to sail under him, and he was able to have his quarter-deck officered entirely by the natives of the country under whose flag he was sailing.

Jones, though a strict disciplinarian at sea, was kind-hearted, and he gave every member of his crew leave of absence on that last evening, the crew being divided so that each might have a couple of hours on land.

There was but one deserter, and he was a Magyar.

But it would have been better had more deserted, as we shall soon see.

The French gunboats saluted the American flag as the *Bon Homme Richard* left L'Orient.

The next day a fine prize was captured, and the men were elated.

The course pursued was toward the Irish coast, and by the end of the week Paul Jones had taken enough merchant vessels to assure his crew a goodly lump of prize money.

The *Bon Homme Richard* had neared the Skelligs, a series of most dangerous rocks, about eight miles west of Bolus Head, in the County Kerry.

There was a strong sea running, and it required the greatest care to keep the vessel off the rocks.

A little farther west lay a fine brigantine, as calm and peaceful as though no dangerous rocks and treacherous currents were so near.

Dale was commissioned to capture the brigantine, and, lowering the boats, pulled toward her.

The captain of the merchantman knew that it was no use to oppose armed boats, so he at once surrendered.

"To whom am I surrendering?" he asked.

"Commodore Paul Jones, of the Continental navy."

"Tell Captain Jones that it is no disgrace to surrender to him."

A hawser was attached to the brigantine, and the boats began to tow her to where the *Bon Homme Richard* was lying.

So rapid was the current and the force of the rising tide that by the time Dale was again on deck he saw that the only chance to save the warship was to lower the barge, and man it with a good crew to tow the vessel away from the rocks.

The men seemed to go willingly to their work.

Their regular, long strokes were sufficient to hold the vessel against the tide.

But, as the darkness increased, a man sought Dale.

"Please, sir, will you not make those men return to the ship?"

"Are you mad, Greg?"

"No, except that I ought to have told you all before. They want the *Bon Homme Richard* to be wrecked."

"What for?"

"They were paid—well paid, sir—at L'Orient to destroy the ship."

"You are talking a great deal of nonsense."

"It is the truth, sir. Did you hear that?"

There was a loud splash in the water, and the ship's head veered round.

"The line has parted."

"It was cut."

"Greg, I shall have to hold you as a prisoner until I find out the truth."

"Very well, sir."

"Avast there! Come back to the ship!" shouted Dale.

But the boat increased its distance, and Dale brought one of his stern chasers to bear on it.

The captain ordered the second lieutenant to man a boat and pursue the deserters.

It was all in vain; not only was the barge lost, but the second lieutenant was driven to land, and taken prisoner with his crew.

A few days later the *Bon Homme Richard*, flying the British colors, so that her nationality might not be known early, had got within range of the British warship *Union*, twenty-two guns.

Paul Jones had heard that the *Union* was carrying valuable dispatches to Canada, and he determined to secure them.

At the very moment when the two vessels were exchanging friendly signals, the *Bon Homme Richard* being still disguised, the *Alliance* hoisted the American flag, and thus destroyed the commodore's hopes.

The *Union* surrendered, and the captain handed his papers to Paul Jones.

"But the dispatches?"

"I destroyed them when the frigate yonder gave me notice of its hostile intent. Please convey the thanks of the king to your consort for the hint."

Was it treachery or ignorance on the part of Laudais? Friends of Paul Jones believed that it was willful treachery.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PILOT'S INNOCENCE.

The *Bon Homme Richard*, with the *Pallas* and *Vengeance*, cruised up and down the firth until the morning of the seventeenth of September.

The order was given to anchor opposite Edinburgh.

A French marine captain was given the command of the men who were to demand the capitulation, and Dale was in charge of the boats.

Everything was ready for the start, when a similar interposition of nature to that Jones had to contend with at Whitehaven, spoiled the well-laid plans.

A black and furious squall was seen ahead of them.

The men had to leave the boats and return to the ships.

The storm increased, and with such fury that the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Pallas* had to leave the Firth of Forth and put out to the open sea.

Paul Jones did not know the North Sea as well as he did the western coast, and, seeing a pilot boat in the distance, he resolved on a bold and daring stroke.

He hoisted the signal for a pilot.

Scarcely had the signal been run up ere two pilot boats spread all sail, and raced to secure the commission.

Each thought the *Bon Homme Richard* a British war cruiser, and each expected to be retained on board in a cruise in search of Paul Jones.

But only one pilot was needed, and the unlucky one sailed away, far from pleased.

Jones appeared on deck, wearing an undress uniform which looked very similar to that worn by a British captain of a war cruiser.

On his head, however, he had a Scotch cap, of the shape we now call Tam o'Shanter, and, stuck in the side, was a Scotch thistle.

"Have you learned anything of Paul Jones?" asked the pilot.

"Yes, quite a great deal," answered Jones, without a smile. "Have you?"

"Yes; he is not going to escape. We have laid our plans now so that he will be captured within a few days at most."

"That is news. What is being done?"

"Well, you see, captain, the pirate——"

"Now, my good pilot, don't call Paul Jones a pirate, for fear he might hear of it. He would hang you if he caught you."

"I shall see him hanged, sir."

"Will you?"

"Yes. You see, this man Jones—by the way, they do say he is Scotch, though I don't believe it—he is a wary bird, so we are going to tempt him."

"How?"

"Do you see that brig yonder? Now, what is she?"

"A merchant brig, I should say."

"Yes; but she has on board some of the best guns; and she is really armed better than a man-o'-war."

"That is news."

"Yes; and do you see yonder frigate? Well, she is armed, also, and so are several others. Now, this Paul Jones will see them and think he has an easy capture, but the tables will be turned, and the pir—I mean the Yankee—will be captured."

"I am glad to hear what you tell me. Is there not also a man-of-war about here?"

"Yes, two. The *Serapis* and the *Scarborough*."

"The *Scarborough*?"

"Yes, the *Countess of Scarborough*—a sloop. The *Serapis* is a frigate, and carries fifty guns. But your honor knows all that better than I can tell you."

"Are these vessels looking for Paul Jones?"

"No; they are to convoy the Baltic fleet, the richest lot of merchantmen that ever left the Humber."

"They will be well convoyed. I have been away so long that I have lost knowledge of even the convoy's signals."

"As to that, since Paul Jones has been about, there's a private signal ordered."

"A private signal?"

"Yes; you see, so many merchantmen are armed that it has become necessary, for the wrong ship might be attacked."

"I am glad you told me. Steer me into port so that I may get the signal from my superiors. It is a nuisance, and will delay me, but better be on the safe side."

"As to that, there's no harm in my giving you the signal; you may need it, for Paul Jones is somewhere about."

The signal was given, and Paul Jones had great difficulty in concealing his delight.

When a safe anchorage was reached, the pilot was dismissed, but not before receiving the biggest fee he had ever had for so short a job.

"You see," said Paul Jones, "you may have saved my ship."

Jimmy called out to the pilot:

"There's a reward offered for Paul Jones, isn't there?"

"Yes, my boy; a pretty big one."

"Do you think you'll ever get it?"

"I'm going to try."

Then there was a laugh on deck, for the pilot never suspected that he had helped the Yankee more effectually than any one Jones had met with since he left L'Orient.

"Dale, we must meet the *Serapis*."

"Yes."

"She has nearly double our guns; ours are almost worthless, and our ship is old, but if we can have a brush with the *Serapis* I shall be content to return. If we could make her haul down her flag, I could die happy. Do you know Pearson?"

"Captain Pearson?"

"Yes. He is in command of the *Serapis*, and is one of the bravest men that ever fought under the British flag. If I were not fighting against England, I would ask no greater honor than to fight under Pearson."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"WE GIVE QUARTER, WE NEVER ASK IT."

The *Bon Homme Richard* signaled to the *Pallas*, *Vengeance*, and *Alliance*, and gave orders as to the part they were to take in the coming fight.

The *Alliance* refused to take any action, Captain Laudais saying that the *Serapis* was too strong a ship to be attacked, and that the best thing to be done was to make for Trexel, as the time set for the cruise had expired.

The captains of the *Pallas* and *Vengeance* did not openly defy Paul Jones, but practically agreed to leave the fight to the *Bon Homme Richard*!

"By thunder!" exclaimed an English captain who was a prisoner on the American ship. "If I had been Paul Jones, I'd have clapped the irons on Laudais at once, or shot him, and the articles of war would have upheld him."

On the morning of the twenty-third of September, a large and richly laden brigantine was captured and sunk.

This raised the spirits of the men, for the cargo was a rich one, and was transferred to the *Bon Homme Richard*.

"A sail!" cried Jones.

"What do you think?"

"It is the first of the fleet."

Captain Jones and Lieutenant Dale were as excited as schoolboys.

The Baltic fleet was nothing to them, though, as prizes, they would have enriched the crews for life, but the *Serapis* and the *Countess of Scarborough* meant either death or glory.

"If we go down," Jones had said, "it will be with our ensign flying."

Forty vessels passed around the Headland, and then there came in sight a frigate and sloop, finer in outline and trimmer in build than any the Americans had encountered.

When Captain Pearson saw the black hull of the American ship, he guessed that it was the one commanded by the dreaded Paul Jones, and his heart beat fast with joy.

He clawed off the shore, so that he might protect the fleet of merchantmen by being between them and the *Bon Homme Richard*.

Jones welcomed the manœuvre, and crowded on sail to meet the *Serapis*.

But Pearson was wary. He knew the man he had to meet, and he wanted to draw him within range of the guns of the castle on Scarborough Cliff.

Paul Jones was Pearson's equal in navigating a vessel, and he determined to wear ship so as to head off the *Serapis*.

"Steer straight for the *Serapis*," ordered Jones, and Dale gave the necessary directions with the greatest pleasure.

It was getting dark; the light at Flamborough Head flashed across the ocean, warning mariners of the dangers of the coast.

Scarborough Castle loomed up like a great black mass against the sky, and from it for a mile or more stood a long line of men and women and children, who had hurried to the cliff to see the great contest.

On both ships the battle lanterns were lighted, and the men were ready for the fray.

They were stripped to the waist, their trousers turned up, and their feet bare, for soon they expected the decks to be slippery with blood.

On the *Bon Homme Richard*, the boys sprinkled sawdust over the deck, and round each gun spread it an inch or more deep.

To the disgust of all on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Alliance* and the *Vengeance* lay off a couple of miles away to windward, intending to be only spectators, instead of participants in the fray.

The sun had gone down, and the ships were scarcely two cable lengths apart, when Paul Jones tacked in order to cross the bow of the *Serapis*.

From the *Serapis* floated the Union Jack, and, just as proudly, Paul Jones ran up the American flag.

When within pistol shot, the sailing master of the *Serapis* hailed the *Bon Homme Richard*.

"What ship is that?"

The sailing master, acting under Paul Jones' instructions, answered:

"What did you say your name was?"

Quite civilly came back the answer:

"His majesty's ship *Serapis*, forty-four guns. Who are you?"

Again went back to the Britisher the question:

"What did you say? Speak louder; the wind is strong."

"What ship is that? Answer, or I'll fire."

Jones saw that sufficient time had been gained, and he whispered to Dale.

Instantly the order was given to fire, and the *Bon Homme Richard* thundered out a broadside.

The *Serapis* was equally ready, and replied so quickly that the reports of the American guns had not echoed back from the cliff before other reports rang out from the *Serapis*.

"If we could exchange ships, there would be no doubt of the result," Jones thought, as he saw how easily the *Serapis* answered her helm, whereas, the *Bon Homme Richard* was too long and lumbering.

Jones passed slowly ahead of the *Serapis*, taking the wind out of her sails, but, as soon as the wind reached him once more, Captain Pearson repeated his enemy's tactics, and came up on the weather quarter of the Yankee ship, taking the wind out of her sails, thus reciprocating quickly.

The *Serapis* used her starboard batteries, while the *Bon Homme Richard* answered with her port batteries.

The guns on the American were old, and, as it then appeared, unfit for use.

At the very first firing of the eighteen-pounders, two of them burst, killing several men.

The detonation was so great that most of the ship's lanterns were extinguished, and, only for the bright moonlight, the men on the *Bon Homme Richard* would have fought in the dark.

The *Serapis* fired incessantly; it seemed as though there had not been time to load between the volleys.

Every shot damaged the poor old *Bon Homme Richard*, and the struggle seemed hopeless.

Another broadside was fired by Paul Jones, and the *Bon Homme Richard* shook from her keel to the topmast, and a cloud of smoke enveloped the ship in darkness.

Dale's eyes filled with tears when he saw that the eighteen-pounders had fired their last shot.

"They are cracked, sir," was the report the officer gave to Paul Jones.

"All?"

"Yes, sir. They cannot be fired again, but we'll not give in."

"No; not while there is a man alive."

A few minutes more, and the man again reached the deck.

"What is it?"

"Fire."

"Where?"

"In several places, sir."

"Put it out."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Tell Mr. Dale that I want the ship to be kept above waves as long as possible, and that as long as she lives she must fight."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Tell him to put the prisoners at the pumps, and——"

A terrific concussion shook the ship and drowned all other sounds.

A broadside had been fired by the *Serapis*, and the shots had passed clean through the *Bon Homme Richard*.

The carpenters were powerless to repair the holes, and the water streamed in faster than it could be pumped out.

Nearly every gun had been silenced, and there was but little chance for the *Bon Homme Richard*.

"You will not surrender, sir?" asked Dale, hurrying on deck.

"No, Dale; if we are to give in, it shall be to the waves, not to the British."

"We can use the nine-pounders, captain."

"Yes, train them on the mainmast; if we cripple the *Serapis* we may not die alone."

Did any one ever hear of such madness?

Three nine-pounders against twenty heavy and thirty light guns on the British ship!

The *Bon Homme Richard* was sinking.

The whole of the gun deck was riddled like a sieve, and the water poured in freely.

A voice came through the darkness:

"Do you ask for quarter?"

Paul Jones answered, and, as he did so, tremendous cheering showed that his reply was in accord with his crew's sentiments:

"Quarter? No. We give quarter, but never ask it."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WE ARE JUST BEGINNING TO FIGHT!"

The fight seemed hopeless, but Paul Jones had fully resolved he would not be taken alive, and he was equally determined that the *Bon Homme Richard* should go down with the Stars and Stripes flying.

While the *Serapis* was thundering away and riddling the

hull of the American ship, Jones ordered all the yards to be manned, and a scathing fire of musketry swept the decks of the Britisher.

Captain Pearson walked the deck unharmed.

All around him men were dying, and a shower of leaden hail fell about him.

He admired Paul Jones.

A few hours before he had looked upon the commodore of the American squadron as a pirate; now he honored him as a brave man.

"He cannot win," he said to his first lieutenant, "but I do hope he will not be taken alive, for it would be a disgrace to hang such a brave man."

On the *Bon Homme Richard*, Paul Jones was thinking that Pearson was the bravest man he had ever met, and he hoped they might some day be friends.

From the tops, the men on the American ship threw hand grenades on the deck of the *Serapis*, doing considerable damage.

But, though her deck was swept, there was no damage done below the water line, and the Britisher answered the helm as well as she had ever done.

In trying to rake the American, she worked slowly away, keeping her luff, and intending to cross the *Bon Homme Richard's* forefoot, but, miscalculating the distance, she only fell in line, the jib boom of the American touching her, and thus the two ships were unable to fire a shot.

There was silence on board both ships.

The darkness was very great, and the deck of the American was without lanterns.

Suddenly a voice came from the Britisher, asking if Paul Jones had surrendered.

The answer was, perhaps, the bravest ever given by man:

"Surrender? No; we are just beginning to fight!"

Think of that answer!

The *Bon Homme Richard* was sinking rapidly.

A dozen fires blazed below deck, and the only hands at the pumps were prisoners; yet his answer was:

"We are just beginning to fight!"

Captain Pearson called out:

"You are a brave man; but you know the fight is hopeless."

"No, Captain Pearson, it is not hopeless while we are alive. We may be destroyed, but we cannot be conquered."

The ringing cheers of the Americans told how strongly they indorsed their beloved captain's words, and Pearson knew what Jones said was true.

Then followed some manœuvring of the two ships, the *Serapis* trying to get into a raking position, either across the bow or the stern of the American.

But the darkness caused both captains to blunder, and the vessels came foul; the jib boom of the Englishman crossing the American's poop, and getting entangled in the rigging.

Paul Jones saw his opportunity at once, and, seizing a rope, fastened both ships together.

The sailing master brought a hawser, and the two ships were effectually lashed side by side.

Strange to say, it was done so quickly that Pearson knew nothing about it, and ordered an anchor to be dropped, thinking that the *Bon Homme Richard* would drift away.

The ships were interlocked, and the British captain ordered all his port lids closed.

He had not relinquished the fight. Why should he, when everything favored him? But he was afraid the Americans might board the *Serapis* through the portholes.

The guns were loaded and fired behind the port lids, carrying, of course, the lids away as the shots tore through.

With magnificent bravery, the English leaned over the side to reload their guns.

The men in the tops threw their hand grenades with deadly precision, and several went into the hold.

There was a terrific explosion; one of the grenades had reached the powder, and one of the magazines had exploded.

The *Serapis* continued to fire into the gun deck of the *Bon Homme Richard*, until it really seemed that the entire hull below the upper deck had been destroyed.

The water flowed through, entering on one side and passing out at the other.

The prisoners were up to their waists in water all the time as they worked at the pumps.

There seemed but little chance to save the American ship, and Jones was already thinking of hanging out the signal for the *Pallas* or one of the other vessels to draw near and take off all the crew of the *Bon Homme Richard*.

"Look, sir! the *Alliance* has thought better of it, and is coming toward us."

"Thank Heaven! If *Laudais* will fight, we shall capture the *Serapis*."

The *Alliance* passed the *Bon Homme Richard* to leeward, and deliberately fired a broadside into the commodore's ship.

There was a loud cry, which must have been heard on the *Alliance*, but another broadside was fired, and several of the Americans were killed.

The lantern signals were hung out, but *Laudais* took no notice.

His excuse later was that he thought he was firing into the *Serapis*.

The American flag still floated proudly over the *Bon Homme Richard*, much to the annoyance of the Britisher.

A gun was trained on it, and an officer of the *Serapis* himself fired the shot which caused the Stars and Stripes to fall into the water.

The British cheered.

Some of the crew of the *Bon Homme Richard*, thinking Paul Jones had hauled down his colors, went on their knees, and cried for mercy.

There was a splash in the water, and a brave-hearted fellow was seen climbing up the chains with the ensign in his hand.

Paul Jones saw his loved flag run up the halyards once more, and a loud shout of joy rang out from all the Americans on the sinking ship.

Dale approached Paul Jones.

"Look, sir, through your night glass at the *Countess of Scarborough*. Tell me what you see."

"It looks as though——"

Jones did not finish, for Dale clapped his hands and shouted:

"Boys, it's true! The *Scarborough* has hauled down its colors. The *Pallas* has won the victory!"

Even the wounded on the hospital deck heard the news, and cheered as though they had forgotten their wounds in the joyousness of the great victory.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOR OUR COUNTRY AND OUR FLAG.

During the temporary panic caused by the fall of the American ensign, one of the prisoners left the pumps, and stepped on board the *Serapis*.

He told the officer of the deck of the desperate condition of the American ship.

"She will sink in less than ten minutes," he said.

"Then the captain will surrender?"

"No," answered the prisoner.

"Not surrender? What else can he do?"

"He can drown. You do not know Paul Jones as well as I do; I have seen him for three weeks, and I tell you he will go down with his ship."

"Then we must capture him."

"How?"

"Surprise him, by boarding the ship."

"You will need all your wits," said the prisoner.

"It will be easy enough."

"Do not be too sure."

"Why, what can he do?"

"I will tell you what I think."

"Go on."

"You will not take offense?"

"No."

"Then, I think he will wait until all your boarders are on his ship——"

"And offer no resistance?"

"And offer no resistance, but when he has drawn you all on, he will stand at the magazine and apply a match to the powder——"

"He would be killed."

"Of course, but so would half your men, and Paul Jones would rather do that than surrender."

"We must risk that."

"Will you try and capture the ship?"

"Yes; go back, tell all your comrades who can be trusted to watch their opportunity, and then come on board the *Serapis*."

"I will."

"Then, before morning light, Paul Jones will be dead, or a prisoner."

The man returned to the *Bon Homme Richard* unnoticed.

The vessels were so close together that a child could step from one to the other, and the holes in the hull of the American were sufficiently large for a man to get through by stooping a little.

The prisoner got together a number of his companions, and told them of his plan.

The noise of the musketry, the roar of the cannon, the cries of the wounded, compelled him to speak loudly, and he was so close to a sail partition that any one on the other side could hear what he said.

Jimmy was lying close there; he was listening intently, and nothing escaped him.

Jimmy was suffering from loss of blood, but he had all his senses about him, and he knew the captain ought to be told of the plot.

He rolled off the mattress and crawled across the deck.

A cannon ball tore up a lot of the flooring just in front of him.

"Crickey!" he exclaimed. "Good thing I was a bit slow in crawling."

He reached the companionway and managed to crawl up the steps.

Just at the top he saw Paul Jones.

"Hello, Jimmy! Water getting too deep down below?"

"No, cap'n; but there's a plot to capture the ship. I heard it all. I know just what they'll do, and so I thought maybe you would like to know as well."

The boy then told all he had overheard, and Paul Jones thanked him warmly for his promptitude and bravery.

"I don't think I can get down again, cap'n. I'd like to stay here, where I can smell the powder better."

"All right, my boy. Stay where you like, and if we come through all right I shall not forget you; but if not—we shall——"

"Die together, cap'n; an' I'd rather do that than live away from you."

"Jimmy, I do not think we have much chance of living beyond to-day, so make yourself as comfortable as you can."

While he was speaking, he heard the bugler on the *Serapis* sound the call for boarders.

Instantly he rushed down, and, seizing a pike, stood in the gangway.

The British could not see beyond him on account of the darkness, and as he shouted to them to stand back they imagined that a big force was behind him.

"Death to every one of you," he shouted, "if you step on board my ship."

The British fell back, and the bugler sounded the retreat.

Not a man on the *Bon Homme Richard* had touched a pike save Paul Jones.

The gallant commodore saw the *Alliance* approaching, and thought that Laudais had at last come to his assistance; but, after firing a broadside, which did more damage to the *Bon Homme Richard* than to the *Serapis*, the *Alliance* sailed away and interfered no more.

Paul Jones ordered his little nine-pounder to be used in firing on the mainmast of the *Serapis*, and he directed the fire himself.

The aim was so true that every shot weakened the mast, and soon it began to totter.

The sharpshooters and the men who were throwing the hand grenades made the deck of the *Serapis* as unsafe as were the decks of the *Bon Homme Richard*.

On the quarter-deck, Captain Pearson kept his position, directing the fight, and seemingly determined to hold out to the end.

The bullets fell around him like hail, but he remained unscathed.

Paul Jones watched his intrepid enemy with interest, and once muttered a denunciation of the British sailors and marines who deserted their captain and left him the only man on the quarter-deck.

"Dale!"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you rig up a couple of guns for a final shot?"

"I'll try."

A few minutes later the gallant officer returned.

"I will give you two eighteen-pounders and two twelve-pounders, sir."

"Will they stand it?"

"They must."

"See, the mast is shaking. Now for a final shot for our country and our flag!"

With splendid haste, the guns were got ready and a terrific report shook both vessels, so that for a time it seemed they must go down.

"Bravo, Dale; it is the last thing we can do."

"Yes, sir, for we haven't a gun that will stand another shot."

Captain Pearson saw his ship had suffered, and he felt he could hold out no longer.

With his own hands he lowered the British flag, which he had defended with a bravery never excelled in the history of naval warfare.

"Cease firing!" shouted Paul Jones. And then, his voice hoarse with emotion, he said to Dale:

"Go on board the *Serapis*, and bring the captain and officers to the *Bon Homme Richard*."

The brave young lieutenant stepped across to the British ship, and saluted Captain Pearson.

"I am ready, sir, to go with you."

It was really sorrowful to see the anguish which almost overpowered the British captain.

The first lieutenant, seeing Dale in conversation with Captain Pearson, threw up his cap, and shouted:

"Hurrah! the pirates have struck!"

He had misunderstood the situation.

"No, sir," Dale spoke up, "it is the British who have surrendered."

"Is that so, Captain Pearson?"

"It is."

"Then——" he paused, his hands were tightly clenched, his eyes bloodshot and heavy. "Allow me to go below and stop the firing."

"No, sir," answered Dale. "Your presence is required at once on the *Bon Homme Richard*."

The officers followed Dale back to the American ship, and Captain Pearson, unbuckling his sword, handed it in silence to Paul Jones.

The dashing American accepted it, pressed it to his heart, and handed it back.

"It is a pleasure to hand you back your sword, captain, because you have used it so bravely. I honor a brave man above all others in the world!"

Captain Pearson took the sword, but could not reply.

The tears ran down his cheeks, and all he could do was to grasp the hand of Paul Jones in true British manner.

The two captains, brave men both, felt that, in victory and defeat, manhood could show itself; and the Englishman and American were as brothers.

Captain Pearson, after a long silence, apologized to Paul Jones.

"I called you pirate," he said, "but so I was led to believe you to be."

"And now?" asked the American.

"I know you to be a brave man and a gentleman. I only wish you fought under the British flag, instead of against it."

"But, my dear Pearson, you must remember that the nations have acknowledged the justice of our cause, and the United States constitute a nation as much entitled to recognition as yours."

"But, Captain Jones, you were born under the British flag, and have no right to oppose your native land."

"I know not where I was born; but, admitting it, have I not a right to oppose wrongdoers? The colonies were justified in casting off allegiance, and I owe nothing to Britain, but everything to the colonies. My allegiance is not to

the land of my birth, which was beyond my control, but to the land of my free choice. I am American by adoption, by choice, by the act of my free will."

"Your country has a right to be proud of you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD GLORY NAILED TO THE MAST.

While they were talking there was a violent crash, and both ships trembled as though a tornado had struck them.

The shock was caused by the falling of the masts of the *Serapis*.

It was only then that the Americans really realized the extent of their victory.

Dale approached Jones for further orders, and for the first time saw blood trickling down his captain's clothes.

"You are wounded?"

"A mere scratch. Are you safe?"

"Yes, captain; I escaped unhurt."

"Can the men subdue the fire?"

"They will do their best."

The fires on the *Bon Homme Richard* were gaining in intensity all the time, and it was feared that the vessel would go down at any moment.

The moon was shining brightly, and the people at Scarborough Castle and on the cliffs of England could see the lowering of the flag on the *Serapis*, and a howl of indignant sorrow went up from every throat.

Yet all acknowledge it was a fair fight, with every advantage on the side of England.

Captain Pearson offered his services to Paul Jones.

"I am a prisoner, and, therefore, can say I will work under your orders as well as any man could."

"Thank you, Captain Pearson; but all you can do is to make yourself as comfortable as circumstances will permit. If I allowed you to assist, it would be remembered against you when you are exchanged."

"You are as thoughtful as you are brave."

Dale was transferred to the *Serapis*, and given command.

It was necessary to cut the lashings, as both ships were catching fire, and one must be saved, if not both.

The anchor cable of the *Serapis* was cut, and the ships drifted with the tide.

Then commenced the most solemn duty of burying the dead.

On the *Serapis*, an English officer read the service; while Paul Jones performed a similar task on his own ship.

Lieutenant Lunt was working hard, rigging up a jury mast in place of the mainmast, and bending new sails to replace those which had been so riddled.

The *Alliance* had approached the *Bon Homme Richard*, and appeared friendly, but whether the captain had changed his heart, or was hoping to see the commodore's ship sink, with its gallant captain and all on board, the crew never knew.

Once the fog lifted, and Paul Jones saw that it would be almost impossible to save his ship.

"Boys, it will break my heart if she goes down. Try and save her!"

The men saw their captain's eyes fill with tears as he spoke, and they went back to the pumps to work with still greater zeal.

The *Bon Homme Richard* was literally cut to pieces from her spar deck to the water line, and below that line great holes had been blown, and were only covered by the flimsiest boards.

When morning dawned, Paul Jones went all over the ship.

He feared that she could not be kept afloat, and he knew that before nightfall a score of British warships would be pursuing him.

He signaled for all the carpenters on the *Pallas* and the *Alliance* to come on board and confer with him and Captain Cottineau, of the *Pallas*.

A thorough investigation was made, and the carpenters announced that nothing could be done to save the *Bon Homme Richard*.

She was on fire in three places, and there were not enough planks in the entire squadron to repair her damaged hull.

Seven feet of water in the hold would necessitate a very large number of men being kept at the pumps.

"Must the gallant ship go down?"

"Nothing can save her, captain."

"Then all the prisoners and crew must be transferred to the *Serapis*, and as speedily as possible."

All that day the work of transferring the prisoners and crew, together with the wounded, to the *Serapis*, was carried on with zeal.

"Nail the American ensign to the mast," said Jones, as a final order, "and don't let it be disturbed. The *Richard* has done bravely for the flag; she shall sink with her colors flying."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PERSECUTIONS.

There were not many Americans on the Island of Texel, to which place Paul Jones had to repair to fit up the *Serapis* and make her seaworthy, but those few Americans cheered lustily when they saw the *Serapis*, a splendid British frigate, enter the port with the American ensign flying.

And when, less than an hour later, the *Countess of Scarborough*, sloop-of-war, also a captive, entered the port, the enthusiasm was most intense.

The people were awaiting the vessels, for the news of Paul Jones' victory had preceded his arrival.

For ten days the imperfectly rigged *Serapis* had been tossed about the North Sea, and at times it was feared she could never reach port.

Holland was neutral.

England was Holland's hereditary enemy, and a victory over England ought to have insured a hearty welcome for the victors.

But Holland had a king and court, and that court was under the influence of England.

Kings are only half-hearted friends of a republic at any time, and when the king is kept on his throne by a foreign power, it is scarcely to be expected that he should welcome the victorious fighters against his patron.

The Dutch, however, had a deep sympathy with the United States, and favored the republic, even against their own court.

When Paul Jones entered the harbor he soon became aware that he would have to face enemies on both land and water.

Outside a British war ship was waiting for him, and inside the court officials were trying to drive him out.

The laws of war gave Paul Jones the right to enter a neutral port and to remain there long enough to repair his ship.

The British ambassador, a man named Richard Yorke, with the title of sir, professed to be highly grieved at Holland allowing Jones to even enter the harbor.

"He is a pirate, and nothing else," said Yorke, "and ought to be strung up to the yards of the vessel he has stolen."

The people thought differently, and when Paul Jones went to Amsterdam he was received by the populace as a hero should be.

The more the people cheered the greater became the animosity of the court.

The French and Americans in Amsterdam were vociferous in their cheers whenever he appeared on the street in his picturesque Scotch bonnet, edged with gold lace, and his American naval uniform.

The English ambassador got so furious that he demanded from the Dutch government that the ships "commanded by that rebel and pirate, John Paul Jones, should be seized and confiscated and Jones held as a prisoner, to be handed over to the British authorities and tried by them on a charge of piracy and treason."

But Sir Joseph Yorke did more than write letters to the Dutch government; he sent home, and as a result of his work twelve warships were dispatched to Texel to watch Paul Jones and capture him when he was ready to leave.

They looked formidable as they sailed about, eight guarding the north and four the south entrance to the harbor.

So great was the terror of the British that over forty war vessels were constantly employed watching for this one man, the dashing Paul Jones.

The English ambassador was not his only enemy in Holland, for the French ambassador suddenly appeared on the scene and ordered Jones to fly the French flag over the *Serapis* and accept a French commission, or give up the *Serapis* and transfer his flag to the *Alliance*.

"Do you mean it?" asked Paul Jones.

"I do. Such are my instructions."

"But I captured the *Serapis*."

"That is very true but you lost the *Bon Homme Richard*, which was a French ship loaned to your country."

"It is most unjust."

"Not at all. We offer you a French commission, and if you accept it the English ambassador will be compelled to withdraw his opposition."

"I will never fight under any flag but that of the United States, until that nation tells me she has no longer need of my service."

Paul Jones spoke with dignity, and the French ambassador felt a little ashamed of having had to take part in such a contemptible affair.

"I can only act as I am instructed," he said, and Jones replied:

"If you have been so instructed, I will surrender the *Serapis* to you and transfer my flag to the *Alliance*."

"I must ask you to do so at once."

"It shall be done."

Though Jones maintained a bold front in presence of his enemies, he wept like a child when he told Dale how he would be compelled to give up the *Serapis* and the *Scarborough* to their French allies.

On arrival at Texel, Commodore Jones had preferred charges against Captain Laudais, and had sent him to Paris to answer them.

Benjamin Franklin was Jones' mouthpiece, and Laudais was soon known to be a traitor and a villain; but the French government did not punish him.

So many were the obstacles thrown in the way of Jones that he began to despair of ever getting away.

The *Alliance* needed refitting, for Laudais had almost ruined her.

In the midst of his work an order was served on him that he must leave the harbor at once or the Dutch fleet would force him out.

So, with thirteen Dutch war vessels driving him out, and twelve British men-o'-war waiting for him outside, he was in a most perplexing position.

The American flag floated from the mizzen peak of the *Alliance* from sunrise to sunset every day, and that was an additional annoyance to the British and French.

The Dutch naval officers treated Paul Jones as an equal, and invited him to their vessels, though they were expecting an order to fire into the *Alliance* at any moment.

These men would obey orders, even if the shooting of their dearest friend was involved.

Captain Rimersima, who was in command of the Dutch fleet at Texel, never failed to express his admiration for the young naval hero.

At a banquet he proposed the health of Paul Jones, who was present, designating him as one of the greatest naval heroes of any time or any country.

This so angered the British ambassador that he used all his influence to have the outspoken captain removed and Vice Admiral Reynst appointed in his place.

The new commander, Reynst, was a bitter enemy of Paul Jones, and, therefore, acceptable to the court party.

On the very day of his appointment he sent an imperative order to Jones to sail with the first fair wind.

Jones replied that he would be pleased to do so as soon as the *Alliance* was in a fit condition to go to sea.

The court party was in a dilemma.

England demanded the expulsion of Paul Jones, and the people were equally strong in their demand that he should be allowed to remain.

If the crown insisted on his leaving, England would be pleased, but there might be discontent at home.

Reynst, however, cared little for the people.

"They object?" he said interrogatively; "what then? A few volleys into the crowd would be good medicine, but if that is not strong enough then try a little grape shot and canister. What are the people good for? If they pay their taxes that is all we want with them."

Mortified to think Jones would not leave until ready, Reynst sent for a lieutenant and bade him go to the *Alliance* and say that unless Paul Jones left the harbor within an hour, the Dutch navy would force him out.

"That is the vice admiral's order?" asked the American.

"It is."

"Then tell Vice Admiral Reynst that he orders an impossibility."

"But, sir, he insists."

"Very well, then, let me ask you, do you think it possible for a ship to leave port in such a wind?"

"I cannot answer you, sir. I am merely commissioned to give you the message."

"Wait a few moments; I will ask the pilot what he thinks. I am quite anxious to get away. I have had the pilot on board for ten days now, so that I could leave whenever an opportunity offered. But, perhaps, you will not believe the pilot?"

"What is his name?"

"Peter Maartens."

"The best pilot on the ocean. Call him."

"Jimmy, who had quite recovered, was sent to tell the pilot he was wanted on deck.

"Peter Maartens, look at the sky and at the sea, watch the wind, and tell me, can you take the *Alliance* out of the roads in an hour?"

Old Maartens was a character; he was short and broad; his gray beard reached almost to his waist; one eye had a peculiar cast, which gave the stranger the impression that its owner was trying to wink; his nose was large and purple, for Peter loved his grog, but, despite all his peculiarities, he was, as the lieutenant had said, one of the best pilots sailing under the flag of Holland.

He looked at Paul Jones, while his one eye seemed to be winking at the vice admiral's messenger.

"I might if I were drunk, but all the kings, and queens, and presidents in the world couldn't make me when I'm sober."

"You think it would not be safe?"

"It would be a sure way of losing the ship."

"Will you write that for me, so that I can send it to the admiral?"

"Why not? Everybody knows Peter Maartens' word is as good as another man's oath."

The statement was written and signed.

"Take that to Vice Admiral Reynst, and tell him that Commodore Paul Jones, of the American Continental ship *Alliance*, is desirous of leaving Texel as early as he can, and more especially so since Holland has made Vice Admiral Reynst the commander of the fleet."

The young officer bowed and withdrew.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

For ten days the vice admiral left Paul Jones in peace.

Even Reynst knew that it was impossible for a vessel to leave Texel.

Jones wrote to Franklin in his usual characteristic manner.

"I do not fear the enemy these long, dark, wintry nights. I shall leave here as soon as I can, though there are twelve British gunboats waiting for me. I have a crew as brave as men can be, and you will know that I shall not give away the ship."

He had dispatched this letter a few hours when Reynst sent an invitation to him to go on board the admiral's flagship.

To this invitation Paul Jones sent a firm but polite declination.

Then came back the Dutch boat, bearing a letter addressed to "One Paul Jones, styling himself commodore."

It asked whether the *Alliance* was French or American. If French, then Jones must show the admiral his commission and must fly the French pennant; if American, then the ship must leave at the very earliest moment.

Paul Jones laughed when he read the note.

"Poor fellow! he is between two fires. What a life he must lead."

"What answer shall you make?" Dale asked.

Jones sat down, and in his clear, sharp chirography, wrote:

"SIR: I have no authority to hoist any colors on this ship except the American, and whenever the pilot will take it upon himself to conduct the ship to sea he shall have my best assistance.

PAUL JONES,

"Commanding the American Continental ship *Alliance*."

"Will that do, Dale?"

"Excellent. I wish we could leave. I would rather face a dozen war ships than have all the fuss and bother here."

"So would I. Dale, I am thinking I will leave the day after Christmas. I would leave before, only old Reynst would think it compulsion."

"I am glad to hear it."

"There is a boat coming. I wonder if it is another message."

The boat returning to the admiral's ship met the other, and went on its way without speaking.

Dale looked at the approaching boat through his glass.

"There is a lady in it."

"A lady?"

"Yes, and coming here."

A few minutes and the boat was alongside, and one of the rowers called out in good Dutch:

"Is Captain Paul Jones on board?"

Quartermaster van Duzer answered in the affirmative.

"A lady wishes to see him."

Dale spoke to Van Duzer and arranged for the steps to be lowered.

"Madam, it is not often we are so honored; excuse our rough means of entrance."

"Sir, I have been on many voyages. I have been on war-ships before."

She spoke in French, and though she was heavily veiled, Dale knew she was beautiful.

He conducted her to the captain's cabin and introduced Paul Jones to her, though she declined to give any name.

"Madam, I am honored. To what circumstance am I indebted for the honor?"

She looked round the cabin and saw she was alone with Jones.

"Will you pardon me if I ask you some questions?"

"Madam, everything is pardoned to a lovely woman."

"You are the son of John Paul, the gardener?"

"I was so led to believe."

"Did you never hear any doubts about your birth?"

"Yes, madam."

"Have you never heard that you may be the heir to a very large estate in France?"

"No, madam, I have only been told that my parents may have been French."

"If I were to give you some facts, which I have learned, showing a plausible reason for such a belief, what would you do?"

"I should feel interested."

"And if I could lead you on the trail of your parents, or those who believed they were your parents, and show you that you ought to inherit a very large estate, what then would you do?"

"That I cannot say, most likely I should amuse myself by trying to find out whether there was any foundation for the story, that is, when I was too old for active duty."

"Why not now?"

"Madam, I have other work to occupy my attention."

"But if I were to bring you proof that you were French, that you were a count of France, and that the revenues of the estate meant luxury you would resign your command—"

"No, madam, I should not do that. I volunteered to maintain the flag of my adopted country on the ocean until all nations recognized it, and I never go back on my word."

"Do you mean to say that you would still be Captain Paul Jones on a miserable makeshift of a warship, when you could be a count of France, and, if you wanted naval glory, could command the best ship France could build?"

"Madam, I thank you for your kindly interest, but I would rather be a citizen of the republic of the United States than count, duke, or even king of France."

"I am sorry, but some day you will think differently. I shall see you again. One word more: I have my reason for remaining incognito, but, believe me, I am your sincerest friend."

"I do believe that."

"Then take heed of my words. Do not go on shore if you can avoid it. Be careful that you eat nothing save what your own cook prepares; poison is a weapon enemies often use, and you have many enemies. Good-by; we shall meet again."

She never raised her veil, but a teardrop trickled down beneath its thick folds and fell on Paul Jones' hand.

The boat pulled back to shore, and Jones sat for a long time meditating and wondering what she could have meant.

At first he was sympathetic; then gradually his thoughts became harsher, and when Dale entered later he had come to the conclusion that she had been sent to him to tempt him, by her mysterious hints, to forswear allegiance to the United States and fly the French pennant from his ship.

Late on the following afternoon a boat drew up alongside the *Alliance* and left a hamper of choice food and wine for the captain.

Dale reminded Jones of the mysterious warning, and asked him to be cautious.

Paul Jones laughed at the suggestion, but thought prudence was better than risk.

He cut a slice of a fine Westphalia ham and gave it to a cat which was on board.

The poor creature was soon suffering agonies of torture, and died in the most horrible pain.

"Poor kitty! you have given your life but saved mine, at least for a time. It was true, then, that my enemies would use poison. I will defeat their purpose, and live to make them dread my name."

At dead of night he packed the hamper, and loading it to insure its sinking, he threw it overboard, to work no further injury save to the fishes.

On Christmas Day the American flag was seen flying from each of the masts of the *Alliance*, Jones having ordered it to be dressed in honor of the day.

By invitation he dined with his officers in the ward room, and his health was drank with great enthusiasm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "to-morrow I hope we shall be away from Texel, and with our ensign flying dare our enemies once more."

The officers cheered the speech loudly, for they were longing to once more face the dangers and invite the glory of a fight for American liberty.

When the dinner was over Van Duzer entered and said that Chris had a new song which he would like to sing if the officers would not be offended by his boldness.

The man was sent for, and his blushes told how he had, perhaps for the first time, felt really bashful when about to sing.

The song was new to all of them, but Chris would never acknowledge from whence he derived his large *répertoire*.

The song, as nearly as Jones and Dale could remember, was as follows:

"In the red glow of evening
Came o'er the blue sea
Paul Jones, the great hero,
So bold and so free.

"That his sword is unsparing
The British did find;
But to shipmates he ever
Is gentle and kind.

"When the voyage is ended,
The mazes he'll trace
Of the song and the dance
With skill and with grace.

"He who boldly meets death,
And who fears not to dare,
He also shall vanquish
The hearts of the fair."

The officers complimented Chris on his song, and Paul Jones ordered an extra ration of grog to be served out, as a compliment to the singer and in honor of the great festival of Christmas.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GLORY! POVERTY! DEATH!

A year passed before the American commissioners could secure a good ship for Paul Jones.

Fortunately, he was able to secure Dale, Van Duzer, and most of the old crew of the *Alliance* for his new ship, the *Ariel*.

Under orders of Doctor Franklin, he started for America, but storms followed him, and he had to put twice into port.

It was the middle of December before he was able to start again for America.

Franklin had bade him avoid the enemy, if possible; but Jones understood that to mean that he was not to go out of his course to look for a fight.

When near the Island of Barbadoes, the cry was raised by the sailing master:

"Ship ahoy!"

Jones was on deck instantly, and saw a big British warship bearing down on him.

"What ship is that?"

"The *Triumph*, his majesty's warship."

"How many guns?"

The Englishman answered evasively, and asked the name of Jones' ship.

Instead of replying, Jones asked:

"Have you the late news from America?"

"Yes."

"Have the rebels been beaten?"

"No; they are gaining ground, and Washington seems to be a good general—more's the pity."

"Ever hear of Paul Jones?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"Somewhere in France."

"Thank you. Ask your captain to come on board and show me his commission, as I am afraid of being deceived, and I have a valuable cargo."

All this time the two vessels had been getting closer together, and Jones was nearly ready to show his hand.

The captain of the *Triumph* asked what ship it was, and, with a ringing cheer from the crew, the American ensign was run up.

"I give you five minutes in which to surrender. My ship is the *Ariel*, commanded by Commodore Paul Jones."

At the end of the five minutes, Jones ordered a broadside to be fired into the *Triumph*.

The British answered, but their gunners were poor marksmen, and the *Ariel* received no damage.

In less than ten minutes the British flag was hauled down, and the captain called for quarter.

A dense fog came up just at the time of surrender, and Paul Jones was unable to send an officer on board the *Triumph*.

The British took advantage of the fog and sailed away.

When the fog cleared, no sign of the *Triumph* could be found.

The Americans loudly expressed their indignation, because it is always understood in war that a surrender is made in good faith, and, therefore, the *Triumph* acted treacherously in sailing away.

It was early in February when Paul Jones landed again in Philadelphia, having been absent three years and four months.

He was the lion of the city, the beloved of the people.

Congress publicly honored him, and allowed him to receive the decoration given by the king of France.

Congress passed a resolution of thanks to him, and, after setting forth his heroic actions, said of him:

"He hath shown an unremitted attention in planning and executing enterprises calculated to promote the essential interests of our glorious cause. That the conduct of Paul Jones merits particular attention and some distinguished mark of approbation from the United States, in Congress assembled:

"Therefore, the thanks of the United States be given to Captain Paul Jones for the zeal, prudence, and intrepidity with which he has supported the honor of the American flag; for his bold and successful enterprises to redeem from captivity the citizens of the States who had fallen under the power of the enemy, and in general for the good conduct and eminent services by which he has added luster to his character and to the American arms."

Congress cheered the reading of the resolution, and, as a mark of special respect, all stood during the time the clerk was reading it.

Another clause thanked the officers and men who had fought under him and made a glorious record.

The minister of the navy reported that Paul Jones had never borne or acted under any other commission than that of the Congress of the United States, and that during the three years he had not received one dollar, either for salary or subsistence, but that he had given largely of his own fortune to aid the cause of liberty.

A few weeks later, Monsieur de Luzerne, the French minister, gave a grand banquet and fête in honor of Paul Jones.

Every member of Congress was invited; all the officers of the Continental army were expressly and specially bidden to the feast, and large numbers of the most influential citizens and their wives and families were present.

On the lawn a raised dais had been erected, and round it the people were ranged.

The bluejackets who had served under Paul Jones marched in procession, led by Lieutenant Dale, and preceded by a military band.

Jimmy was arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, for he wanted everybody to know him, and to remember that he had left the city with Paul Jones and returned in triumph with him.

Monsieur de Luzerne addressed the throng.

He praised Paul Jones, and declared that all liberty lovers would hold his name in honorable reverence through all ages.

Then, taking a highly jeweled cross in his hand, he continued:

"His majesty, whom I represent, has directed me, as a knight, to confer upon Captain Paul Jones the Cross of the Most Noble Order of Military Merit. This has never before been given to any man not a citizen of France. But, were it not for Paul Jones' devotion to America, well might France claim him as her son, so well has he served her cause and that of her allies."

The cheering almost drowned his voice, and when, turning to Jones, he began to fasten the cross on his breast, the bands played, and the people shouted with great enthusiasm.

"May you live long to wear it," added the French minister, in conclusion.

From all parts of the country, letters of thanks came to Paul Jones.

Lafayette declared him the greatest of living naval heroes, and Washington proclaimed him to be one of the worthiest, purest, and best American citizens.

In a letter written to Congress, Franklin said that those who had served under Paul Jones would, to their dying day, refer to it as the proudest time of their lives, and every man who had ever spoken to Paul Jones would be proud of the recollection.

Our story is finished. We wanted only to portray the character of the man who founded the American navy, and struck terror into the hearts of America's enemies.

The world, led by England, branded him pirate; and even to-day English history refers to him as "a pirate captain," a "rebel commodore."

His after life was sad.

Congress gave him a gold medal and thanks, but never repaid him the many thousands of dollars he had spent for the cause of liberty. Congress ordered a vessel to be built for him at Providence. He superintended its construction, and was proud of it, but when it was finished Congress gave it to France.

After independence was won, he left this country, and offered his services to Russia, believing that he was enlisted for reform and liberty.

When he found he was aiding despotism, he resigned his commission, and retired to France, where he lived in poverty, and died neglected, not having money to pay for the best medical advice, and with no friend to soothe his dying moments.

True, in the funeral discourse over his body, the words were uttered:

"The fame of the brave outlives him; his portion is immortality."

The world is beginning to do full justice to the memory of brave and dashing Paul Jones.

THE END.

The next issue, No. 409, will contain "A Golden Find; or, Paving the Road to Fortune," by John L. Douglas. It will be on sale October 22.

BRAVE AND BOLD WEEKLY

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SLEEPWALKERS.

Sleepwalking, or somnambulism, has for many years engaged the attention of some of the most eminent members of the medical profession; but as yet science has found no means to cure this peculiar and most dangerous habit, which we may justly call disease.

"What causes sleepwalking?" would be a most interesting question for discussion.

In this article, however, we shall simply deal with a few interesting cases which have come under the notice of the writer, who himself has on several occasions indulged in the practice.

Among the most notable cases of the kind may be mentioned that of a young lady living at a small village in Massachusetts. From early childhood she had been in the habit of walking in her sleep, each time extending the scope of her midnight perambulations in a marked degree. The first knowledge her parents gained of her being addicted to somnambulism was brought about in a most singular manner. The father had been to a fair some miles out all day, and came home late, very tired, and went to bed, forgetting his usual custom of bolting the door.

After he had retired, and was dozing off, he was requested by his spouse to get up and go downstairs, as she was certain, from hearing heavy noises below, that some one was in the house.

Having vainly tried to laugh her out of her idea, he descended, and as he reached the kitchen he started back for a moment in mute surprise, mingled with slight feelings of horror.

Before him stood his daughter, robed in her flowing night-dress, and holding in her hand a small paraffin lamp. Her face was as pale as death, and her eyes—as is the custom with sleepwalkers—were wide open, but with a dull and vacant stare, resembling the unclosed eyes of the dead. The blood, too, had left her lips, leaving them a livid hue.

He stood for a few seconds astonished, knowing full well that it was a case of somnambulism. He was doubtful as to whether to wake her, or wait until she returned to her own free will. He was on the point of doing the former, when the thought of the possible dangerous consequences flashed across him, and he stood by, silent and watchful.

First, she walked slowly round the room, then carefully deposited the lamp upon the table. Next she sought the side-board and took therefrom a book she had been reading during the day. Having then got the book, she again took up

the lamp and walked slowly back to her room. The next morning she knew nothing about it.

But she did not confine herself to the house. Occasionally she would go round the garden, carefully unlocking and re-locking doors, and often returning with a bunch of flowers which she had unconsciously plucked.

At last came an occasion when her mania for sleepwalking was the medium of a great service to her father.

A valuable document had been mislaid for some days, and no one could find a trace of it, and the anxiety of the father was great, inasmuch that he required it most urgently for the day succeeding the incident I am about to relate.

The night previous he went to bed very ill-tempered at the loss the absence of the document would occasion him. In the night, however, our sleeping friend got up and went through her usual midnight wanderings. The next morning she woke up to find the precious document clasped tightly in her hand.

It is not known to this day from what unsearched corner she had brought it to light, but suffice it to say that her somnambulist propensities were the means of saving some two or three thousand dollars' loss to her father.

Another peculiar case, although it happened now some twenty-nine years ago, and which unhappily terminated fatally, was that of a young man named Barnett. He used to perform some of the most miraculous and most difficult feats while under the influence of this so-called "troubled rest." And a most curious part of this case is the fact that he would assuredly rise at the very selfsame hour each night, and thus it was that a good many people used to congregate to satisfy their curiosity.

Many at first looked upon it as a perfect swindle; but the relatives of the young man being well to do and well known, it induced many of the unbelievers to wait for a sight of this midnight apparition.

Punctually—as a rule, at the hour of two—the youthful somnambulist would be observed slowly but steadily to creep out of his bedroom window, and, after a moment's pause, standing on the sill, let himself down the piping which ran to the roof of the dwelling; then he would open the street door—always unlocked—and return. On no occasion was he observed to ascend.

Every means were taken by the lad's parents, and every aid was sought to see if these nocturnal freaks could be stopped, but to no purpose.

At last, however, there came the night when the youth was destined to walk for the last time in his sleep.

On this occasion he was seen by a cab driver to fall from the window sill with a terrible thud to the ground, and as soon as assistance arrived he was found to be quite dead. The sight presented a shocking spectacle, and one which the sorrowful, heartbroken parents never forgot.

There are also many humorous incidents connected with this dangerous practice, and one of these may be thoroughly believed, since it happened to myself.

On the occasion in question, I got out of bed and walked into the bathroom, and after having filled the bath with cold water, stepped deliberately in. With a sudden and terrible thrill, never to be forgotten, I awoke from the contact with the cold water, and felt dazed for a time as to what had happened. My ideas of the sensation I went through are these: First I experienced a peculiar thrill or shiver, while in a half-dazed state, then a slight twitching of the muscles of the hands, arms, and legs, followed by a glow of unusual warmth in the body.

It is seldom that one awakes while in this state of unconsciousness, but it is most hazardous, and likely to prove fatal if any one should endeavor to awaken a sleepwalker. The fright on returning to sudden consciousness is so great that in many cases it has been known to have injured the reason of the person thus disturbed.

Many efforts have been made to stop the habit, and to check it by gradual effort, but few are the cases where such attempts have proved successful.

A good many somnambulists have been followed, taken by the hand, and gently led back, but on no occasion, if unconscious resistance is shown, should force be resorted to.

Among the partially successful, though rare, cases of checking the habit, two have been brought about by the simple means of following the "sleeper" and dipping his hands in lukewarm water, and another by extinguishing the light the sleeper carried.

THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS.

Did the reader ever ride on a locomotive at top speed? It is a queer experience, especially to one not at all accustomed to that peculiar mode of traveling, and is calculated, under some circumstances, to try the nervous system to its utmost tension. If you would realize the power and irresistible force of a locomotive under headway, step on the rails for a moment, on a dark night, and look up the long line of perspective at an oncoming engine with its blazing signal lantern in front, like the eye of Cyclops, and its roar, echoed by the trembling earth, like some fabled giant's breath. It is the very epitome of mechanical power harnessed to the service of human intelligence. What a frightful means of sacrifice, what a marvelous agent for good!

Again, stand on the platform of a side station while the express train passes at its average speed of thirty miles an hour, and you have another example of the amazing power of steam. Your nerves will involuntarily contract themselves as the train rushes swiftly by, your eyelids will close mechanically, and you almost gasp for breath as the air vacuum surrounds you, caused by such huge and rapid atmospheric displacement.

But it was upon an engine itself that the experience of which we write was gained, and though some years have now intervened, it is as fresh in the memory as though it had occurred but yesterday.

It was on a cold winter evening that we were to start from Burlington, Vt., for Boston. The January thaw had failed to put in an appearance that year, and the cold in that northern region had been intense, bedding the frost to a great depth in the soil. After purchasing our ticket for the lightning express, as it was called, and placing valise and wrapper safely in one of the passenger cars, we had strolled about the depot, until we finally paused beside the large and powerful locomotive which was to draw the train on its downward trip. It was a superb piece of mechanism, with its brass mountings as bright as patient toil and incessant care could make them, while the iron and steel parts conveyed a sense of enormous strength even at a glance. The huge engine seemed almost endowed with animal life as it paused there with restrained power, like a thoroughbred horse champing impatiently at the bit which curbs him. The engineer and fireman were both in their places quietly awaiting the signal which should start the train for the South. A sudden thought struck me. I had never ridden upon a locomotive; it would be a new sensation. Was it possible to do so to-night? I asked the engineer, who shook his head, but still answered me pleasantly:

"There is the superintendent yonder; ask him."

Seeking the individual designated as the superintendent, I was both pleased and surprised to recognize in him an old friend, with whom, years ago, I had been on intimate terms. I finally told him that I had a singular request to make, and expressed my desire to ride with the engineer. He somewhat reluctantly assented to my desire, but not without numerous cautions, and the remark that it was quite exceptional to grant such a privilege to any one.

Walking to the side of the locomotive, the superintendent introduced me to the engineer, and gave him directions to accommodate me as it regarded the intended purpose.

Five minutes later the signal bell was rung, the shrill whistle sounded, steam was gradually let into the cylinders, and the train rolled out of the depot into the darkness, which,

for a moment, was rendered more dense by contrast with the well-lighted depot left behind. I at once bestowed myself so as not to be in the way of the engineer or fireman, and curiously watched the novel scene immediately about me, for that was all that I could possibly see.

"Never on a locomotive before?" suggested the engineer.

"No."

"Can't see much such a night as this."

"No; it's as dark as a pocket," I replied.

"Of a nice summer's day it's all very well," continued the engineer, "but of a dark night—well, I don't think it's very jolly."

All the while he was looking straight ahead, with his hands on the valves to shut off steam and to whistle "down brakes" at an instant's notice.

"How far ahead can you see?" I asked.

"About a couple of rods such a night as this, unless a strong signal lantern is shown, then we can see farther."

"Two rods would be of no real advantage, if we were to encounter an obstacle on the track," I suggested.

"Well, no; you can't stop an express train much inside of a quarter of a mile with the style of brakes we now have."

"Aye, that's it. You require a more powerful sort of brake; is that what I understand you to mean?"

"Exactly; one that will act with greater power, and yet not bring a train up all standing, as it were. That would be almost as bad as to run into an object dead ahead," replied the engineer.

"Something of the sort will be invented."

"Oh, yes; one of these days, I've always said so."

In the meantime the lightning express was rushing on its way, straight into the intense darkness, which, if possible, was now rendered more apparent by a fleecy fall of snow, which was packed all about us by reason of the great speed at which we were running. I could not but admire the perfect coolness of the two men who were my companions, though my own senses were in a constant state of nervous excitement. The intense darkness, the blinding snow into which we drove, as it seemed to me, not knowing whither, kept my senses on the alert. I could not divert myself of the feeling that there was, perhaps, something in that darkness just ahead, which we were sure to run into and wreck the train. Finally my excited brain began to recall all the railroad accidents of which I had ever read or heard, until, as I had just arrived at the height of miserable anticipation, I suddenly exclaimed:

"What is that?" on hearing something like a prolonged whistle ahead.

"Your ears are quick," said the engineer calmly. "That is the Rutland accommodation train; it will pass us in a moment."

Even while he was speaking there appeared in front of us the bright reflecting signal lantern upon the other engine, seeming exactly in front of us, and, perhaps, six or eight rods distant; but scarcely had the eye settled upon the dazzling object before it swept past us on the other track so quickly as to seem to have been a flash of lightning, and, for an instant, quite taking away my breath, though my companions did not so much as wink an eyelid. In this instance we had not only the thirty miles per hour headway of our own train, but also the twenty miles per hour of the accommodation train added to the speed which so rapidly separated us. It was not a very pleasant thought which passed through my brain just then, that a misplaced switch might bring these two trains upon the same track, facing each other, and, at this frightful rate of speed, the result can easily be conceived.

Frank Moore, the engineer, had been long in the company's service. He was a man of some thirty-eight or forty years, intelligent, though not cultivated, and as I watched him standing at his post, that dark and dismal night, I thought how many lives were trusted to his sole guidance. Supposing an accident were to happen to him, what would become of a hundred souls and more in the train? But he stood there

as firm as the iron about him, never for one moment quitting his hold upon either the valve which should signal danger, or that which shut off the motive power in case of necessity. Begrimed, by long exposure to soot and smoke, his features were very dark, but there was a kindly expression through all the bronze, and a firmness visible in his face which challenged trust and entire confidence in the man.

We had stopped twice for wood and water, at which times I might have taken my seat in the passenger cars, but a wild fascination seemed to attach me to the locomotive, and I determined to continue upon it at least for a while longer. And so on we dashed still through the dense darkness and the blinding snow, as we had been doing for so many a long mile. Now and then the engine would jump in its fierce headway on striking some trifling obstruction upon the rails, and my heart would leap into almost audible action, and to me it appeared at times as though the whole train was going over an embankment to inevitable wreck. When one of these experiences was more decided than usual, I could not quite suppress an ejaculation, at which my companions would glance at me with an amused smile. Custom had inured them to these occurrences, so that they gave them no heed.

On, on, and still the driving snowstorm and the darkness reigned supreme. The stoker fed the fire, and the engineer, watchful as ever, peered ahead. I was, perhaps, getting to be a little sleepy from the force of the wind and the lateness of the hour, for it was now about midnight, when, fearing to drop to sleep, I rose from a stool on which I had been sitting, and determined to change to the passenger cars at the next stopping place. Just as I had made this mental resolve, there came suddenly a crash at the front window of the engine that sent every drop of blood back to my heart with a sickening thrill. I had time to draw one long breath, when the engineer whistled "down brakes," and shut off steam from the engine, exclaiming:

"My God! what is that?" while both he and myself shook the broken glass from our faces and necks, and he still further reversed his engine.

"It's a lantern," said the fireman, picking up what remained of the article, which had come crashing in at the window.

"Thrown at us," said the engineer. "That means danger, if it means anything."

In the meantime the train had been brought to a standstill, the conductor had appeared at the side of the locomotive to consult with the engineer, the bell was rung, whistle started, and gradually we ran backward toward the spot where the lantern had struck us. We had retraced our way for nearly a quarter of a mile, when a man suddenly appeared through the darkness and came to the locomotive.

"Did you throw that lantern?" asked the engineer.

"To be sure I did, and worse luck if I hadn't hit ye!" was the answer that came to our ears, with unmistakable Milesian accent.

"Who are you?" asked the conductor.

"I'm trackman between here and Brandon."

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the engineer.

"The matter is a broken rail, just beyant, as would have sent ye all to glory!" replied the Irishman.

The affair was soon explained. During the winter season the frost renders the rails very brittle, so that they break under a passing train. In consequence of this liability to danger, a corps of trackmen are so placed as to walk over and examine every mile of the northern roads, in extreme weather, after the passing of each train. Those trackmen are supplied with the ordinary tools for repairing any slight break, and also with a lantern to signify danger when necessary to any incoming train. In the instance to which we refer, the trackman had discovered a serious break in a rail just beside a steep embankment and viaduct, one of the most dangerous spots on the route. In his efforts to repair the danger, by some means his lantern became extinguished. Here was an unfortunate plight. In that sparsely inhabited region there was neither house nor shelter where he could

renew the light. His matches he exhausted in vain endeavors to light the wick in so fierce a storm. Besides, as the man well reasoned, "the engineer, I know, could not see my lantern if it were lighted, three rods off in such a night." The Irishman was puzzled; the lightning express was nearly due; if it struck that defective rail the train would surely be wrecked!

What was to be done? A sudden inspiration struck him. He started and ran like a deer nearly half a mile up the track toward the oncoming train. Already he heard the rumble of its approach, as he placed himself on a slight elevation on the side of the track. On came the train; he could see her signal light, though the engineer could neither see nor have heard him—on, on, thirty miles an hour, toward destruction. The Irishman braced himself, and with a swift but careful throw of his unlighted lantern, he cast it straight into the engineer's face.

"Bedad! It was the only thing I could do," said the honest fellow, as he gratefully pocketed a purse of fifty dollars made up by the passengers.

We crept carefully on to the dangerous spot, where a detention of twenty minutes served to mend the track sufficiently to permit the passage of the train, and we once more dashed ahead in the darkness; but I shall never forget that experience upon the lightning express.

ONLY ONE PLACE FOR HIM.

Prominent Politician—"I have done a good many favors for you, and now I'd like you to put a friend of mine on your paper."

Great Editor—"Would he do for a reporter?"

"No, he hasn't any legs."

"Um—might make an exchange editor, perhaps?"

"He couldn't read the newspapers. He's blind."

"Poor fellow! Can he hear?"

"No, deaf as a post. He is a fine writer, though, and he has a lively imagination."

"Good, I will appoint him London correspondent."

NOTHING TO FEAR.

Lady—"Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you?"

Little Boy—"Yes'm."

"Why don't you answer her, then?"

"Pop's away."

EDISON'S LATEST.

Mr. Edison—"Yes, sir; I can fix up a locomotive so that it will sing airs from operas."

Caller—"You got the idea from hearing Wagner, I presume."

A SAD MISTAKE.

Fruit Vender—"I feela bada."

Faithful Wife—"Why you feela bada?"

Fruit Vender—"One of the peaches I sella thata man was gooda."

NOT UNUSUAL.

Old Lady—"What does y'r son study at that there college he goes to?"

Farmer Gotrich (helplessly)—"Ways t' spend money, I guess."

Mamma (anxiously watching her little boy at dinner)—"My dear child, you really should not eat your pudding so quickly."

Small Child—"Why not, mamma?"

Mamma—"Because it is dangerous. I once knew a little boy about your age who was eating his pudding so quickly that he died before he had finished it."

Small Child (with much concern)—"And what did they do with the rest of his pudding, mamma?"

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